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A
JOURNEY OVER LAND

TO
INDIA,

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PARTLY

BY A ROUTE NEVER GONE BEFORE BY ANY EUROPEAN,

By DONALD CAMPBELL, of Barbreck, Esq.

WHO FORMERLY COMMANDED A REGIMENT OF CAVALRY IN THE SERVICE
OF HIS HIGHNESS THE NABOB OF THE CARNATIC.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO HIS SON.

COMPREHENDING

HIS SHIPWRECK AND IMPRISONMENT WITH HYDER ALI

AND

*His subsequent Negotiations and Transactions
in the East.*

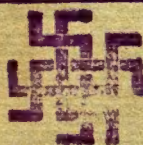
“HEU QUIBUS ILLE
“JACTATUS FATIS.”

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY BARTRAM AND REYNOLDS.

1807.



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DATE.....24.1.91.....



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE events related in the following pages, naturally became a frequent subject of conversation with my children and my friends. They felt so much satisfaction at the accounts which I gave them, that they repeatedly urged me to commit the whole to paper; and their affectionate partiality induced them to suppose, that the narrative would be, not only agreeable to them, but interesting to the public. In complying with their sollicitations, I am far from being confident that the success of my efforts will justify their hopes: I trust, however, that too much will not be expected, in regard to literary composition, from a person whose life has been principally devoted to the duties of a soldier and the service of his country—and that a scrupulous adherence to truth will compensate for many blemishes in style and arrangement.



Henry *Sather*

A

JOURNEY TO INDIA, &c.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

THE tenderness of a fond father's heart admonishes me, that I should but poorly requite the affectionate solicitude you have so often expressed, to become acquainted with the particulars of my journey over land to India, if I any longer withheld from you an account of that singular and eventful period of my life. I confess to you, my dear boy, that often when I have endeavoured to amuse you with the leading incidents and extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune which chequered the whole of that series of adventures, and observed the eager attention with which, young though you were, you listened to the recital, the tender sensibility you disclosed at some passages, and the earnest desire you expressed that "I should the whole relate," I have felt an almost irresistible impulse to indulge you with an accurate and faithful narrative, and have more than once sat down at my bureau for the purpose: but sober and deliberate reflection suggested that it was too soon, and that, by complying with your desire at such a very early period of your life, I should but render

der the great end I proposed by it abortive, frustrate the instruction which I meant to convey, and impress the mere incident on your memory, while the moral deducible from it must necessarily evaporate, and leave no trace, or rather excite no idea, in a mind not sufficiently matured for the conception of abstract principles, or prepared by practice for the deduction of moral inferences.

I am aware that there are many people, who, contemplating only the number of your days, would consider my undertaking this arduous task, and offering it to your reflection, even now, premature : but this is a subject on which I have so long and so deliberately dwelt, which I have discussed with so much care, and examined with such impartiality, that I think I may be acquitted of vanity, though I say I am competent to form a judgment on it. The result of that judgment is, that I am determined to indulge you without further delay ; and I trust that you will not, on your part, render it an empty indulgence, but, on the contrary, by turning every circumstance to its best use, by converting every feeling which these pages may excite in your heart into matter of serious reflection, and by making every event (as it happens to deserve) an example to promote either emulation on the one hand, or circumspection and caution on the other, justify me in that opinion of you on which I found this determination.

I remember, that when, at an early age, I entered upon that stage of classical education at which you are now, at an earlier age, arrived—I mean, the *Æneid*—I was not only captivated with the beautiful story of the Hero, in the second Book, but drew certain inferences from parts of it, which I shall never forget, and which afterwards served to give a direction to the growth of my sentiments on occasions of a similar nature : above all, the filial piety of *Æneas* made a deep impression

impression on my mind, and, by imperceptibly exciting an emulation in my bosom, augmented considerably the natural warmth of my affection and respect for my father. It is under the recollection of this sensation, and a firm persuasion that your heart is fully as susceptible of every tender impression, and your understanding as fit for the reception of useful history, as mine was then, that I overlook your extreme youth, and write to you as though you were an adult. If there be a thing on earth of which I can boast a perfect knowledge, it is my FREDERICK's heart: it has been the object of my uninterrupted study almost since it was first capable of manifesting a sensation; and, if I am not very much mistaken in it indeed, the lively interest he feels in the occurrences of his father's life, is the result, not of idle curiosity, but unbounded filial affection. Such an amiable motive shall not be disappointed in its end; and while I discharge the duty of a parent in gratifying it, I shall be encouraged and sustained under my labours by the sanguine expectation, that he will derive from my exertions the most solid advantages in his future progress through life. As those advantages are expected also to extend to my dear boy JOHN, whose tender years disqualify him from making the same immediate reflections on the various subjects as they occur, my FREDERICK will perceive that it becomes his duty, not only as a good son, but as an affectionate brother, to assist and enforce them upon his mind, to explain to him the difficulties, and furnish him with his reasonings and inferences on them, so as that they may make, as nearly as possible, equal impressions on the heart and understanding of both.

“Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum:”

And though few have the felicity to be warned by other men's misfortunes or faults, because they sel-

dom

den make deep impressions on their feelings, I am convinced that my sufferings and errors, as they will interest my FREDERICK's heart, and gratify his curiosity, cannot fail to enlarge his understanding, and improve his conduct.

I am my dear FREDERICK, &c.

D. C.

LETTER II.

HAVING, in compliance with your reiterated solicitations, determined to give you a narrative of my journey to the East Indies, and the singular turns of fortune which befel me there, I think it necessary, on reflection, to prepare you still further for the reception of it, by proposing certain terms to be fulfilled on your part; and as, in my last, I told you that I expected you, and, with your assistance, your brother, to turn my relation to a more useful account than the gratification of mere idle curiosity, by letting the moral deducible from my errors and misfortunes strike deep and take root in your mind—so there are other things, which, though not so extremely important, are too weighty to be neglected; to which I desire to direct your attention.

I believe you must have already perceived, that the well-being of yourself and your brother is my first—I might, perhaps, without trespassing much upon truth, say, my only object in life; that, to the care of your education, and the cultivation of your mind, I exclu-

sively

sively devote my time and my thoughts ; and that, to insure your future happiness, I would sacrifice every thing I have a right to dispose of, and risk even life itself. The time, I trust, is not far distant, when your brother will be as well qualified to understand this as you are now—when both will feel alike the important duty it enforces on you—and when your only emulation will be, who shall produce the most luxuriant harvest to reward the labours I have taken—to reward yourselves.

In order, therefore, on my part, to give every thing I do a tendency to the great object of my wishes, and induce you, on your's, to contribute your share to it, I shall give you, as I proceed in my narrative, a topographical description of the various Countries through which I shall have occasion to conduct you, and, as concisely as may be, an account of their manners, policy, and municipal institutions, so far as I have been able to collect them ; which I hope will serve to awaken in you a thirst for those indispensable parts of polite education, Geography and History. I expect that you will carefully attend to those sciences, and that you will not suffer yourself, as you read my Letters, to be carried away by the rapid stream of idle curiosity from incident to incident, without time or disposition for reflection : you must take excursions, as you go along, from my Letters to your Geographical Grammar and your Maps—and, when necessary, call in the aid of your Tutor, in order to compare my observations with those of others on the same places, and by those means to acquire as determinate an idea as possible of their local situation, laws, and comparative advantages, whether of Nature or Art. You will thus enable yourself hereafter to consider how society is influenced, and why some communities are better directed than others.

Here I must observe to you, that as geography is a science to which rational conversation, as supported by gentlemen of breeding and education, most frequently refers, the least ignorance of it is continually liable to detection, and, when detected, subjects a man to the most mortifying ridicule and contempt.

The ingenious GEORGE ALEXANDER STEEVENS has, in his celebrated Lecture upon Heads, given a most ludicrous instance of this species of ignorance, in the character of a citizen, who, censuring the incapacity of ministers, proposes to carry on the war on a new plan of his own. The plan is, to put the troops in cork jackets—send them, thus equipped, to sea—and *land them in the Mediterranean*: When his companion asks him where that place lies, he calls him *fool*, and informs him that the Mediterranean is the capital of Constantinople. Thus, my dear son, has this satirist ridiculed ignorance in pretenders to education; and thus will every one be ridiculous who betrays a deficiency in this very indispensable ingredient in forming the character of a gentleman. But a story which I heard from a person of strict veracity, will serve more strongly to shew you the shame attendant on ignorance of those things which, from our rank, we are supposed to know; and as the fear of shame never fails to operate powerfully on a generous mind, I am sure it will serve to alarm you into industry, and application to your studies.

During the late American war, about that period when the KING of FRANCE was, so fatally for himself, though perhaps in the end it may prove fortunate for the interests of mankind, manifesting an intention to interfere and join the Americans, a worthy alderman in Dublin, reading the newspaper, observed a paragraph, intimating, that in consequence of British cruisers having stopped some French vessels at sea, and searched them, France had taken *umbrage*! The saga-

cious alderman, more patriotic than learned, took the alarm, and proceeded, with the paper in his hand, directly to a brother of the board, and, with unfeigned sorrow, deplored the loss his country had sustained, in having a place of such consequence as *UMBRAGE* ravished from it!—desiring, of all things, to be informed in what part of the world *Umbrage* lay. To this the other, after a torrent of invective against ministers, and condolence with his afflicted friend, answered that he was utterly unable to tell him, but that he had often heard it mentioned, and of course conceived it to a place of great importance; at the same time proposing that they should go to a neighbouring bookseller, who, as he dealt in books, must necessarily know every thing, in order to have this gordian knot untied. They accordingly went; and having propounded the question, “what part of the globe *Umbrage* lay in?” the bookseller took a *Gazetteer*, and, having searched it diligently, declared that he could not find it, and said he was almost sure there was no such place in existence. To this the two aldermen, with a contemptuous sneer, answered by triumphantly reading the paragraph out of the newspaper. The bookseller, who was a shrewd fellow, and, like most of his countrymen, delighted in a jest, gravely replied, that the *Gazetteer* being an old edition, he could not answer for it, but that he supposed *Umbrage* lay somewhere on the coast of America. With this the wise magistrates returned home, partly satisfied: but what words can express their chagrin when they found their error—that the unlucky bookseller had spread the story over the city—that the newspapers were filled with satirical squibs upon it—nay, that a caricature print of themselves leading the city-watch to the *retaking of Umbrage*, was stuck up in every shop—and finally, that they could scarcely (albeit aldermen) walk the streets, without having the

populace sneer at them about the *taking of Umbrage!*

Thus, my child, will every one be more or less ridiculous who appears obviously ignorant of those things which, from the rank he holds in life, he should be expected to know, or to the knowledge of which vanity or petulance may tempt him to pretend.

I am sure I need not say more to you on this subject; for I think you love me too well to disappoint me in the first wish of my heart, and I believe you have too much manly pride to suffer so degrading a defect as indolence to expose you hereafter to animadversion or contempt. Remember, that as nothing in this life, however trivial or worthless, is to be procured without labour—so, above all others, the weighty and invaluable treasures of erudition are only to be acquired by exertions vigorously made and unremittingly continued.

“*Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possimus quam si juventutem bene erudiamus.*”—Thus saith the matchless TULLY. If, then, the education of youth interests so very deeply a state, can it less powerfully interest him who stands in the twofold connection of a citizen and parent? It is the lively anxiety of my mind, on this point, that obliges me to procrastinate the commencement of my narrative to another letter, and induces me to entreat that you will, in the mean time, give this the consideration it deserves, and prepare your mind to follow its instructions,

LETTER

LETTER III.

A VARIETY of unpropitious circumstances gave rise to my journey to the East Indies, while domestic calamity marked my departure, and, at the very outset, gave me a foretaste of those miseries which fate had reserved to let fall upon me in the sequel. The channels from which I drew the means of supporting my family in that style which their rank and connections obliged them to maintain, were clogged by a coincidence of events as unlucky as unexpected: the war in India had interrupted the regular remittance of my property from thence: a severe shock which unbounded generosity and beneficence had given to the affairs of my father, rendered him incapable of maintaining his usual punctuality in the payment of the income he had assigned me; and, to crown the whole, I had been deprived, by death, of two lovely children (your brother and sister), whom I loved not less than I have since loved you and your brother.

It was under the pressure of those accumulated afflictions, aggravated by the goading thought of leaving my family for such a length of time as must necessarily elapse before I could again see them, that I set out for India in the month of May, in the year 1781, with a heart overwhelmed with woe, and too surely predictive of misfortunes.

From the gloomy cave of depression in which my mind was sunk, I looked forward, to seek, in the future, a gleam of comfort—but in vain: not a ray appeared

peared—Melancholy had thrown her sombre shadow on the whole. Even present affliction yielded up a share of my heart to an unaccountable dismal presentiment of future ill; and the disasters and disappointments I had passed, were lost and forgotten in ominous forebodings and instinctive presages of those that were to come.

Of all the weaknesses to which the human mind is subject, superstition is that against which I would have you guard with the utmost vigilance. It is the most incurable canker of the mind. Under its unrelenting dominion, happiness withers, the understanding becomes obscured, and every principle of joy is blasted. For this reason I wish to account for those presages, by referring them to their true physical causes, in order thereby to prevent your young mind from receiving, from what I have written, any injurious impression, or superstitious idea of *presentiment*, as it is fashionably denominated.

If the mind of man be examined, it will be found naturally prone to the contemplation of the future—its flights from hope to hope, or fear to fear, leading it insensibly from objects present and in possession, to those remote and in expectation—from positive good to supposititious better, or from actual melancholy to imaginary misfortune. In these cases, the mind never fails to see the prospect in colours derived from the medium through which it is viewed and exaggerated by the magnifying power of fancy. Thus my mind, labouring under all the uneasiness I have described, saw every thing through the gloomy medium of melancholy, and, looking forward, foreboded nothing but misfortune: accident afterwards fulfilled those forebodings; but accident, nay, the most trifling change of circumstances, might possibly have so totally changed the face of my subsequent progress, that good fortune, instead of misadventure, might have been my lot,

lot, and so all my foreboding been as illusory and fallible as all such phantoms of the imagination really are. Thus I argue now—and I am sure I argue truly ; but if reason be not timely called in, and made, as it were, an habitual inmate, it avails but little against the overbearing force of superstition, who, when she once gets possession of the mind, holds her seat with unrelenting tenacity, and, calling in a whole host of horrors, with despair at their head, to her aid, entrenches herself behind their formidable powers, and bids defiance to the assaults of reason.

Thus it fared with me—Under the dominion of a gloomy presentiment, I left London ; and my journey down to Margate, where I was to take shipping, was, as SHAKESPEARE emphatically says, “ a phantasm, or “ a hideous dream—and my little state of man suffered, as it were, the nature of an insurrection :”—the chaos within me forbade even the approach of discriminate reflection ; and I found myself on board the packet, bound to Ostend, without having a single trace left upon my mind, of the intermediate stages and incidents that happened since I had left London.

It has been observed—and I wish you always to carry it in memory, as one of the best consolations under affliction—that human sufferings, like all other things, find their vital principle exhausted, and their extinction accelerated, by overgrowth ; and that, at the moment when man thinks himself most miserable, a benignant Providence is preparing relief, in some form or other, for him. So it, in some sort, happened with me ; for I was fortunate enough to find in the packet a fellow-passenger, whose valuable conversation and agreeable manners beguiled me insensibly of the gloomy contemplation in which I was absorbed, and afforded my tortured mind a temporary suspension of pain. This gentleman was General LOCKHART : he was going to Brussels, to pay his court to the Em-

peror JOSEPH the Second, who was then shortly expected in the Low Countries, in order to go through the ceremonies of his inauguration. As Bruffels lay in my way, I was flattered with the hopes of having for a companion a gentleman at once so pleasing in his manners and respectable in his character, and was much comforted when I found him as much disposed as myself to an agreement to travel the whole of the way thither together. Thus, though far, very far from a state of ease, I was, when landing at Ostend, at least less miserable than at my coming on board the packet.

As this letter is already spun to a length too great to admit of any material part of the description I am now to give you of Ostend, and the country to which it belongs, I think it better to postpone it to my next, which I mean to devote entirely to that subject, and thereby avoid the confusion that arises from mixing two subjects in the same letter, or breaking off the thread of one in order to make way for the other.

Adieu, my dear boy!—Forget not your brother JOHN. That you may both be good and happy, is all the wish now left to, &c.

 LETTER IV.

THAT country to which I am now to call your attention—I mean, the Netherlands—is marked by a greater number of political changes, and harassed by a more continued train of military operations, than perhaps any country in the records of modern history. It may truly be called the Cockpit Royal of Europe, on which tyrants, as ambition, avarice, pride, caprice, or malignity, prompted them, pitted thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of their fellow-creatures, to cut each other's throats about some point, frivolous as regarding themselves, unimportant to mankind, and only tending to gratify a diabolical lust for dominion: Yet, under all these disadvantages, (such are the natural qualities of this country), it has, till lately, been in a tolerably flourishing state; and would, under a good government and proper protection, equal any part of Europe for richness.

Flanders, Brabant, and the country now called the United Netherlands, were in general known by the name of Netherlands, Low Countries, or *Pais-bas*, from their situation, as it is supposed, in respect of Germany. Anciently, they formed a part of Belgic Gaul, of which you may remember to have read an account in the Commentaries of JULIUS CÆSAR, who describes the inhabitants as the most valiant of all the Gallic Nations—"Horum omnium Belgæ sunt fortissimi." They afterwards were subject to petty princes, and made part of the German Empire; and,

in the sixteenth century, became subject to CHARLES the Fifth of the House of Austria ; but, being oppressed beyond endurance by his son, PHILIP the Second of Spain, (that blind and furious bigot), they openly revolted—flew to arms to assert their freedom ; and, after a struggle as glorious in effect as virtuous in principle—after performing prodigies of valour, and exhibiting examples of fortitude, to which none but men fighting in the godlike cause of LIBERTY are competent—led on by the wisdom and valour of the PRINCE of ORANGE, and assisted by the SOVEREIGN of GREAT BRITAIN—they at length so far succeeded, that those now called the United Netherlands, entered into a solemn league, and forced the gloomy tyrant to acknowledge their independence. But that part to which I am now particularly to allude, continued annexed to the House of Austria. In 1787, they revolted, and made a temporary struggle to disengage themselves from the dominion of the EMPEROR ; but, owing to some cabals among themselves, and the temperate conduct of that prince, they again returned to their allegiance, and were rewarded with a general amnesty. In 1792, they were over-run by the French army under General DUMOURIER—opened their arms to those republicans, and were rewarded for it by oppression, tyranny, and injustice. The French, however, were driven back out of the country ; and, wonderful to relate, they again received their old master, the EMPEROR, with strong demonstrations of joy, and manifested their loyalty and attachment to him by every expression that abject hypocrisy could suggest.

“ O ! how unlike their Belgic fires of old ! ”

Here, could I stop with strict justice, I would—But, behold ! the French again came ; again they opened their gates to receive them ; and again they
were,

were, with tenfold fury and rapacity, pillaged, oppressed, and insulted; and at the very time I am writing this, the guillotine is doing its office—enforcing the payment of the most exorbitant and enormous contributions, and compelling, it is said, one hundred thousand of the ill-fated inhabitants to take the field, as soldiers of the republic.

Human opinion is so chequered and uncertain, that two very honest men may in certain cases act in direct contradiction and hostility to each other, with the very best intentions—He, therefore, must have but a cold heart, and a contracted understanding, who cannot forgive the man that acts in such cases erroneously, when he acts from the exact dictates of his opinion, and upon the principle which he has conscientiously adopted: but when a whole people are seen whisking about with every gust of fortune, and making a new principle for every new point of convenience, we must despise them even when they happen to act right, and can scarcely afford them so much as pity in their calamities. The Austrian Netherlands are now in that state; and, without presuming to say in which of their tergiversations they were right, I will venture to pronounce that they deserve punishment, and I believe they are in hands very likely to give them their due.

To return—Ostend is a sea-port of Austrian Flanders, and is situated in the Liberty of Bruges. It was, at one time, the strongest town in Flanders: but a double ditch and ramparts, which constituted its strength, are now destroyed; and in the place where the former stood, docks, or rather basons, extremely capacious and commodious, are formed, for the reception of shipping. The ground about the town is very low and marshy, and cut into a number of fine canals—into some of which, ships of the largest size may enter—and in one of which, vessels of great burthen may ride, even close to Bruges. The harbour here is

so fortunately circumstanced, that it was once thought, by engineers, entirely secure from a blockade; and its pristine strength can in no way be so well described, as by a relation of the defence it made in the four first years of the seventeenth century—though, near the close of the sixteenth, it was no better than an insignificant fishing town. It held out against the Spaniards for three years, two months, and sixteen days. Eighty thousand men lost their lives before it, while fifty thousand were killed or died within. It at last surrendered, but on good terms; and not for want of men or provisions, but for want of ground to stand on, which the enemy took from them, at an amazing loss, step by step, till they had not room left for men to defend it. Three hundred thousand cannon-balls, of thirty pounds weight each, were fired against it; and the besieged often filled up the breaches made in their ramparts with heaps of dead bodies.

Such, my dear boy, are the miracles that men, animated with the all-subduing spirit of Liberty, can perform—Liberty! that immediate jewel of the soul—that first moving principle of all the animal creation—which, with equal power, influences the bird to beat the cage with its wings, and the lion to tear the bars of his imprisonment—the infant to spring from the tender confinement of its nurse, and the lean and shrivelled pantaloon to crawl abroad, and fly the warmth and repose of his wholesome chamber—Liberty! which, for centuries enthralled by artifice and fraud, or lulled into a slumber by the witching spirit of priestcraft, now rises like a giant refreshed with wine—in its great efforts for emancipation, destroys and overturns systems—but, when finding no resistance, and matured by time, will, I sincerely hope, sink appeased into a generous calm, and become the blessing, the guardian and protector of mankind!

It is your good fortune, my dear children, to be born at a time when Liberty seems to be well understood in your own country, and is universally the prevalent passion of men. It is almost needless, therefore, for me to exhort you to make it the groundwork of your political morality : but let me remind you to guard, above all, against the despotism of certain tyrants, to whom many of the greatest advocates for liberty are strangely apt to submit—I mean, your passions. Of all other tyrants, they are the most subtle, the most bewitching, the most overbearing, and, what is worse, the most cruel. Beneath the dominion of other despots, tranquillity may alleviate the weight of your chains, and soften oppression ; but when once you become the slave of your passions, your peace is for ever fled, and you live and die in unabating misery.

LETTER V.

THE pride of the English is remarked all over the globe, even to a proverb ! But pride is a word of such dubious meaning, so undefined in its sense, and strained to such various imports, that you shall hear it violently execrated by one, and warmly applauded by another—this denouncing it as a sin of the first magnitude, and that maintaining it to be the most vigilant guardian of human virtue. Those differences in opinion arise not from any defect in the intellects of either, but from each viewing the subject

in that one point in which it first strikes his eye, or best suits his taste, his feeling, or his prejudices. I have no doubt, however, but a full consideration of the subject would shew, that pride, as it is called, is only good or bad as the object from which it arises is mean or magnificent, culpable or meritorious. That noble pride which stimulates to extraordinary acts of generosity and magnanimity, such as, in many instances, has distinguished, above all others, the nobility of Spain, exacts the homage and admiration of mankind: But I fear very much that our English pride is of another growth, and smells too rankly of that overstrained commercial spirit which makes the basis of the present grandeur of Great Britain, but which, in my humble judgment, raises only to debase her—by slow, subtle degrees, poisons the national principle, enslaves the once bold spirit of the people, detracts from their real solid felicity, and, by confounding the idea of national wealth with that of national prosperity, leads it in rapid strides to its downfall. In short, we are approaching, I fear, with daily accelerated steps, to the disposition and sordid habits of the Dutch, of whom Doctor GOLDSMITH so very pertinently and truly speaks, when he says,

“ Ev’n Liberty itself is barter’d here !”

Without leading your mind through a maze of disquisition on this subject, which might fatigue with abstruseness and prolixity, I will bring you back to the point from which the matter started, and content myself with remarking, that the pride of the English, speaking of it as a part of the national character, is the meanest of all pride. The inflation of bloated, overgrown wealth, an over-weening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of the many to that excess, that, in estimating

ting men or things, they refer always to "what is he worth?" or, "what will it fetch?" This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow, the native of a neighbouring kingdom, who, for many years, carried on business in London, and failed:—Sitting one day in a coffee-house in the city, where some wealthy citizens were discussing a subject not entirely unconnected with cash concerns, one of them observing him rather attentive to their conversation, turned to him, and said, "What is your opinion, Sir, of the matter?"—"’s blood, Sir!" returned he, peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in this country, who has not a guinea in his pocket?"

Under the influence of all the various caprices inspired by this unhappy purse-pride, I am sorry to say our countrymen do, when they go abroad, so play the fool, that they are universally flattered and despised, pillaged and laughed at, by all persons with whom they have any dealing. In France, *Mi Lor Anglois* is, or at least was, to have six times as great a profusion of every thing as any other person, and pay three hundred per cent. more for it; and the worst of it was, that a *Mi Lor* was found so conducive to their interest, that they would not, if they could help it, suffer any Englishman to go without a title—nay, would sometimes, with kindly compulsion, force him to accept of it, whether he would or not: but if an Englishman be, above all others, the object of imposition in foreign countries, certainly none pillage him so unmercifully as his own countrymen who are settled there. In all the places through which I have travelled, I have had occasion to remark (and the remark has been amply verified by every gentleman I have ever conversed with on the subject), that the most extravagant houses of entertainment are those kept by Englishmen. At Ostend, as well as other places, it was so: therefore, as economy, when it

does not trespass upon the bounds of genteel liberality, is the best security for happiness and respect, I advise you, whenever you shall have occasion to visit the Continent, in the first place to avoid all appearance of the purse-proud ostentation of John Bull; and, in the next place, to avoid all English houses of entertainment.

It is a singular circumstance, and belongs, I should suppose, peculiarly to Ostend, that the charity-children of the town are permitted to come on board the vessels arrived, to beg of the passengers, one day in the week.

Before I bid adieu to Ostend, I must remark one heavy disadvantage under which it labours—the want of fresh water; all they use being brought from Bruges. In going from Ostend to Bruges, a traveller has it in his choice to go by land, or water—If by land, he gets a good voiture for about ten shillings of our money; the road is about fourteen or fifteen miles—If by water (the mode which I adopted, as by far the cheapest and the pleasanter), he travels in a vessel pretty much resembling our Lord Mayor's barge, sometimes called a trackschuyt, but often la barque, or barke: it is, in truth, fitted up in a style of great neatness, if not elegance; stored with a large stock of provisions and refreshments of all kinds, and of superior quality, for the accommodation of the passengers; and has, particularly, a very handsome private room between decks, for the company to retire to, in order to drink tea, coffee, &c. &c. or play at cards. In this comfortable, I might say, delightful vehicle, as perfectly at ease as lying on a couch in the best room in London, are passengers drawn by two horses, at the rate of about four miles an hour, for about ten pence, the same length of way that it would cost ten shillings to be jumbled in a voiture over a rough paved road.

The country between Ostend and Bruges is very level, and of course destitute of those charms to a mind of taste, which abound in countries tossed by the hand of Nature into hill, dale, mountain, and valley: the whole face of it, however, is, or at least then was, in so high a state of cultivation, and so deeply enriched by the hands of art and industry, aided by the natural fertility of the soil, that its appearance, though far from striking or delightful, was by no means unpleasant; and on approaching the town of Bruges, we passed between two rows of trees, beautiful, shady, and of lofty size—forming, with the surrounding objects, a scene, which, if not romantic, was at least picturesque.

In passing through countries groaning beneath the despotic scourge of unlimited monarchy, where subsidies are raised, and taxes laid on *ad libitum*—where guilty distrust and suspicion, with the eyes of a lynx and the fangs of a harpy, stand sentinels at every gate, to scrutinize the harmless passenger, awake him to the clanks of his fetters, and awe him into compliance, a free-born Briton feels a cold horror creep through his whole frame: his soul recoils at the gloomy ferocious and insolently strict examination, with which a centinel, at the entry of a town, stops, investigates, demands a passport; and, in short, puts him, *pro tempore*, in a state of durance, with all its hideous formalities and appendages, its gates, its bars, its armed ruffians, its formal professions of laws, and its utter violation of reason and of justice. Entering the town of Bruges, we were stopped by a centinel, who, with all the saucy, swaggering air of authority, of a slave in office, demanded to know, whether we had any contraband goods? whether we were in any military capacity? whence we came? and whither we were going? with a variety of other interrogatories, to my mind equally impertinent and detestable,

but which seemed to make no greater impression on the good Flemings themselves, than demanding the toll at a turnpike-gate would make on an English waggoner.

Talking over this subject, since that time, with a gentleman who is well acquainted with all those places, he informed me, that in the war between the Emperor and the States General, some French officers, travelling through Flanders to join Count MAILLEBOIS, were stopped at the gate of Bruges, and, by order of the Emperor, sent to his army, turned into the ranks, and obliged to do duty as common soldiers.—Here, my dear FREDERICK, was an act, not only despotic in itself, but aggravated by circumstances of collateral profligacy, of such enormous magnitude, as bids defiance to all power of amplification, and leaves eloquence hopeless of describing it with greater force than it derives from a simple narration of the fact: on the one hand, the inroad upon the just personal rights of the individual; on the other, the rights of a nation violated. Some men in England, judging from their own constitutional security, may disbelieve the fact: but let them consider, that the Marquis de la FAYETTE, an alien, taken upon neutral ground, is now, even now, held in illegal, unjust thralldom and persecution—let them, I say, remember this, and let their incredulity cease.

Bless your stars, my dear boy, that you were born in a country where such outrages as these can never be perpetrated by any, and will never be approved of *but by a few.*

LETTER VI.

IN my last, I carried you past a ferocious, impertinent sentinel, into the town of Bruges; and now, having got you there, I must endeavour, from the loose materials I have been able to collect, to give you a short description of it.

I had heard much of Bruges, its grandeur, and its opulence; you will guess my surprise then, when, on entering it, I found nothing but an old-fashioned, ill-built, irregular town; the streets, in general, narrow and dirty, and most of the houses strongly expressive of poverty and squalid wretchedness: yet this was anciently a most flourishing city. Did the difference between the town at this time, and its state as it is represented of old, consist only in its external appearance, we might readily account for that, in the great improvements made by the moderns in the art of house-building; but its present inferiority goes deeper, and is the result of departed commerce—commerce, that fluctuating will-with-a-wisp, that leads states in hot pursuit after it, to entrap them ultimately into mires and precipices, and which, when caught, stays till it extinguishes the spirit of freedom in a nation, refines its people into feeble slaves, and there leaves them to poverty and contempt.

Perhaps there is no subject that affords an ampler field for a speculative mind to expatiate upon, than the various, and, I may say, incongruous revolutions which have chequered the progress of human society

from the first records of history down to the present time. It is indeed a speculation which not only tends to improve the understanding, by calling in experience to correct the illusions of theory, but is highly instructive in a moral point of view, by pointing out the instability of the very best strictures of human wisdom, and teaching us how little reliance is to be placed upon human casualties, or earthly contingencies. Look to Greece, once the fountain-head of arts, eloquence, and learning, and the mother of freedom—her poets, her legislators, her soldiers, and her patriots, even to this day considered the brightest examples of earthly glory!—see her now sunk in slavery, ignorance, sloth, and imbecility, below any petty nation of Europe. Look to Rome—in her turn, the queen of arms and arts, the land of liberty, the nurse of heroes—the stage on which inflexible patriots, accomplished philosophers, and a free people, acted for centuries a drama that elevated man almost above his nature!—see her now reduced to the last stage of contemptibility—even below it, to ridicule and laughter—swayed by the most contemptible imposture, and sunk into the most despicable enslavement, both of person and opinion—the offices of her glorious senate performed by a kind of heteroclite being, an hermaphroditical impostor, who, deducing his right from the very dregs and offscourings of superstition and fanaticism, and aided by a set of disciples worthy of such a master, rules the people, not with the terrors of the Tarpeian rock, nor yet with that which to a Roman bosom was more terrible, banishment—but with the horrors of *eternal damnation*!—see her valiant, vigorous soldiery converted into a band of feeble fiddlers and music-masters, and the clangor of her arms into shrill concerts of squeaking castratoes; those places where her CICERO poured forth eloquence divine, and pointed out the paths that led to true morality—
where

where her **BRUTUS** and her **CATO** marshalled the forces of freedom, and raised the arm of justice against tyrants, over-run by a knavish host of ignorant, beggarly, bald-pated friars, vomiting, to a crowd of gaping bigots, torrents of fanatical bombast, of miracles never performed, of gods made of wood or copper, and of saints, that, like themselves, lived by imposture and deception!—see her triumphs and military trophies changed into processions of priests singing psalms round wafers and wooden crucifixes; and that code of Philosophy and religion, which operated so effectually upon the morals of her people that there was none among them found so desperate or so base as to break an oath, exchanged for the Roman Catholic branch of the Christian Faith—for dispensations for incest, indulgences for murder, fines for fornication, and an exclusive patent for adultery in their priesthood. Then look to England!—see her, who once stooped beneath the yoke of Rome, whose chief, **CARACTACUS**, was carried there in chains to grace his conqueror's triumphs, while herself was made the meanest of the Roman provinces, now holding the balance of the world, the unrivalled mistress of arms, arts, commerce—every thing.

It was in this irresistible mutation of things, that Bruges sunk from the high state of a most flourishing city, where there are still (unless the French have destroyed them) to be seen the remains of seventeen palaces, anciently the residences of consuls of different nations, each of which had distinct houses, magnificently built and furnished, with warehouses for their merchandises: and such was the power and wealth of the citizens in those days, that it is an indubitable fact, they kept their sovereign, the Archduke **MAXIMILIAN**, prisoner, affronted his servants, and abused his officers; nor would they release him until he took an oath to preserve inviolate the laws of the state.

Even

Even so late as the time I was there, Bruges had some trade—indeed as good a foreign trade as most cities in Flanders. The people seemed cheerful and happy, and the markets were tolerably supplied.

Several fine canals run in a variety of directions from Bruges: by one of them, boats can go, in the course of a summer's day, to Ostend, Nieuport, Furnes, and Dunkirk; and vessels of four hundred tons can float in the basin of this town. Another canal leads to Ghent, another to Damme, and another to Sluys. The water of those canals is stagnant, without the least motion; yet they can, in half an hour, be all emptied, and fresh water brought in, by means of their well-contrived sluices. This water, however, is never used for drinking, or even for culinary purposes; a better sort being conveyed through the town by pipes from the two rivers Lys and Scheldt, as in London; for which, as there, every house pays a certain tax.

Although the trade of this city has, like that of all the Low Countries, been gradually declining, and daily sucked into the vortices of British and Dutch commerce, there were, till the French entered it, many rich merchants there, who met every day at noon in the great market-place, to communicate and transact business, which was chiefly done in the Flemish language, hardly any one in it speaking French; a circumstance that by this time is much altered—for they have been already made, if not to speak French, at least to sing *Ca-ira*, and dance to the tune of it too, to some purpose.

The once-famed grandeur of this city consisted chiefly, like that of all grand places in the dark periods of Popery, of the gloomy piles, the ostentatious frippery, and unwieldy masses of wealth, accumulated by a long series of monkish imposture—of Gothic structures, of enormous size and sable aspect, filled with

with dreary cells, calculated to strike the souls of the ignorant and enthusiastic with holy horror, to inspire awe of the places, and veneration for the persons who dared to inhabit them, and, by enfeebling the reason with the mixed operations of horror, wonder, and reverence, to fit the credulous for the reception of every imposition, however gross in conception, or bungled in execution. Those are the things which constituted the greatness and splendor of the cities of ancient Christendom; to those has the sturdiest human vigour and intellect been forced to bend the knees: they were built to endure the outrages of time; and will stand, I am sure, long, long after their power shall have been annihilated.

What a powerful engine has superstition been, in the cunning management of priests! How lamentable it is to think, that not only all who believed, but all who had good sense enough not to believe, should, for so many centuries, have been kept in prostrate submission to the will and dominion of an old man in Rome!—My blushes for the folly and supineness of mankind, however, are lost in a warm glow of transport at the present irradiation of the human mind; and though I can scarcely think with patience of that glorious, godlike being, HENRY the Second of England, being obliged by the Pope to lash himself naked at the tomb of that saucy, wicked priest, THOMAS A BECKET, I felicitate myself with the reflection, that the Pope is now the most contemptible sovereign in Europe, and that the Papal authority, which was once the terror and the scourge of the earth, is now not only not recognised, but seldom thought of, and, when thought of, only serves to excite laughter or disgust.

 LETTER VII.

THE town of Bruges, although the streets be, as I have already described them, so mean, narrow, dirty, and irregular in general, contains, nevertheless, some few streets that are tolerable, and a few squares also that are far from contemptible.—I should think it, nevertheless, not worth another letter of description, were it not that the churches, and church-curiosities, demand our attention; for you will observe, that in all rich Popish countries, every church is a holy toy-shop, or rather a museum, where pictures, statues, gold cups, silver candlesticks, diamond crucifixes, and gods, of various sorts and dimensions, are hoarded up, in honour of the Supreme Being. This city having been for centuries the see of a bishop, who is suffragan to the archbishop of Mecklin, and at the same time hereditary chancellor of Flanders, it is not to be wondered at, if ecclesiastical industry should have amassed some of those little trinkets which constitute the chief or only value of their church. The mitre of this place conveys to the head that wears it a diocese containing six cities, from the names of which you will be able to form some small judgment of the opulence of one poor son of abstinence and mortification.—Those cities are, in the first place, Bruges itself, then Ostend, Sluys, Damme, Middleburgh in Flanders, and Oudenberch—not to mention one hundred and thirty-three boroughs and villages; and if you could compute the number of inferior

ferior clergy with which the streets and highways are filled, you would be thunderstruck. There, and in all those Popish countries, they may be seen, with grotesque habits and bald pates, buzzing up and down like bees, in swarms, (a precious hive!)—and, with the most vehement protestations of voluntary poverty in their mouths, and eyes uplifted to Heaven, scrambling for the good things of the earth with the eagerness of a pack of hounds, and the rapacity of a whole roll of lawyers! With loaded thighs (I might say, loaded arms too, for they have large pockets even in their sleeves, for the concealment of moveables), they return to the great hive, where, contrary to the law of bees, the drone lives in idle state, and he plunders them: contrary, too, to the habits of those useful insects, they banish the queen-bee, and suffer no female to approach their cells, but keep them in contiguous hives, where, under cover of the night, they visit them, and fulfil in private that which they deny in public—the great command of Providence.

The first building in nominal rank, though by no means the first in value, is the great cathedral, which has at least bulk, antiquity, and gloominess enough to recommend it to the faithful. It is by no means unfurnished within, though not in so remarkable a manner as to induce me to fill a letter with it. In a word, it is an old Popish cathedral, and cannot be supposed wanting in wealth: at the time I write, it has been standing no less a time than nine hundred and twenty-nine years, having been built in the year 865.

The next that occurs to me, as worthy of notice, is the church of Notre Dame, or that dedicated to *our Lady* the Virgin MARY. This is really a beautiful structure of the kind—indeed magnificent. Its steeple is beyond conception stupendous, being so very high as to be seen at sea off Ostend, although it is not elevated in the smallest degree by any rise in the ground;

ground; for, so very flat is the whole intermediate country, that I believe it would puzzle a skilful leveler to find two feet elevation from high-water-mark at Ostend up to this city. The contents of this church are correspondent to its external appearance—being enriched and beautified with a vast variety of sacerdotal trinkets, and fine tombs and monuments. As to the former, the vestments of that same THOMAS A BECKET whom I mentioned in my last, make a part of the curiosities deposited in this church: this furious and inflexible impostor was archbishop of Canterbury; and his struggles to enslave both the king and people of England, and make them tributary to the Pope, have canonized him, and obtained the very honourable depot I mention for his vestments. To do justice, however, to the spirit and sagacity of the holy fathers who have so long taken the pains to preserve them, it must be commemorated, that they are, or at least were set with diamonds, and other precious stones! Probably, among the many priests who have, in so many centuries, had the custody of those divine relics, some one, more sagacious than the rest, might conceive, that, to lie in a church, and be seen by the all-believing eyes of the faithful, a little coloured glass was just as good as any precious stone, and wisely have converted the originals to some better purpose. If so, it will be some consolation to Holy Mother Church to reflect, that she has bilked the *Sans-culottes*, who certainly have got possession of Saint THOMAS A BECKET's sacerdotal petticoats; and, if they have been found enough to stand the cutting, have, by this time, converted them into comfortable campaigning breeches. O monstrous! wicked! abominable!—that the Royal MARY, sister to the great Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, should, so long ago as the Reformation, have bought at an immense price, and deposited in the treasury of the church of *our Lady* the blessed

bleſſed Virgin MARY, the veſtments of a ſaint, only to make breeches, in the year 1794, for a French ſoldier ! The time has been, when the bare ſuggeſtion of ſuch ſacrilege would have turned the brain of half the people of Chriſtendom : but thoſe things are now better managed.

Of the tombs in this church, I ſhall only mention two, as diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by their coſtlineſs, magnificence, and antiquity. They are made of copper, well gilt. One of them is the tomb of MARY, heiress to the Ducal Houſe of Burgundy ; and the other, that of CHARLES (commonly called *the Hardy*), Duke of Burgundy, her father.

In Bruges there were four great abbeys, and an amazing number of convents and nunneries. The buildings, I preſume, yet ſtand ; but there is little doubt that their contents, of every kind, have been, before this, put *in requiſition*, and each part of them, of courſe, applied to its natural uſe.

The church once belonging to the Jeſuits, is built in a noble ſtyle of architecture : and that of the Dominicans has not only its external merits, but its internal value ; for, beſides the uſual ſuperabundance of rich chalices, &c. it poſſeſſes ſome very great curioſities—

As, firſt, a very curious, highly wrought pulpit—beautiful in itſelf, but remarkable for the top being ſupported by wood, cut out, in the moſt natural, deceptive manner, in the form of ropes, and which beguile the ſpectator the more into a belief of its reality, becauſe it answers the purpoſes of ropes.

Secondly, a picture—and ſo extraordinary a picture ! Before I deſcribe it, I muſt appriſe you that your faith muſt be almoſt as great as that of a Spaniſh Chriſtian to believe me—to believe that the human intellect ever ſunk ſo low as, in the firſt inſtance, to conceive, and, in the next, to harbour and admire, ſuch

such a piece. But I mistake—it has its merit; it is a curiosity—the demon of satire himself could not wish for a greater.

This picture, then, is the representation of a marriage!—but of whom? why, truly, of JESUS CHRIST with Saint CATHARINE of Sienna. Observe the congruity—Saint CATHARINE of Sienna lived many centuries after the translation of JESUS CHRIST to Heaven, where he is to sit, you know, till he comes to judge the quick and the dead!—But who marries them? In truth, Saint DOMINIC, the patron of this church! The Virgin MARY joins their hands—that is not amiss—But, to crown the whole, King DAVID himself, who died so long before CHRIST was born, plays the harp at the wedding!

My dear FREDERICK, I shall take it as no small instance of your dutiful opinion of me to believe, that such a picture existed, and made part of the holy paraphernalia of a temple consecrated to the worship of the Divinity: but I assure you it is a fact; and as I have never given you reason to suspect my veracity, I expect you to believe me in this instance, improbable though it seems: for such a farrago of absurdities, such a jumble of incongruities, impossibilities, bulls, and anachronisms, never yet were compressed, by the human imagination, into the same narrow compass.

I protract this letter beyond my usual length, on purpose to conclude my account of Bruges, and get once more upon the road.

The monastery of the Carthusians, another order of friars, is of amazing size, covering an extent of ground not much less than a mile in circumference. The Carmelites, another order, have a church here, in which there is raised a beautiful monument, to the memory of HENRY JERMYN, Lord Dover, a peer of England—But the monastery called the Dunes, a sect of the order of Saint BERNARD, is by far

far the noblest in the whole city : the cloisters and gardens are capacious and handsome ; the apartment of the abbot is magnificent and stately, and those of the monks themselves unusually neat. Those poor mortified penitents, secluded from the pomps, the vanities, and enjoyments of life, and their thoughts, no doubt resting alone on hereafter, keep, nevertheless, a sumptuous table, spread with every luxury of the season—have their country-seats, where they go a-hunting, or to refresh themselves, and actually keep their own coaches.

Among the nunneries there are two English : one of Augustinian nuns, who are all ladies of quality, and who entertain strangers at the grate with sweet-meats and wine ; the other, called the Pelicans, is of a very strict order, and wear a coarse dress.

To conclude—In the chapel of Saint BASIL is said to be kept, in perfect preservation, the blood which JOSEPH of Arimathea wiped off with a sponge from the dead body of CHRIST. *Finis coronat opus.*

I fancy you have, by this time, had as much of miracles as you can well digest : I therefore leave you to reflect upon them, and improve.

LETTER VIII.

AS I was going to the barque, at Bruges, to take my departure for Ghent, the next town in my route, I was surprised to see a number of officious, busy, poor fellows, crowding round my effects, and
D
seizing

seizing them—some my trunk, some my portmanteau, &c. I believe two or three to each : but my astonishment partly subsided when I was told that they were porters, who plied on the canal, and about the city, for subsistence, and only came to have the *honour* of carrying my baggage down to the vessel. Noting their eagerness, I could not help smiling. I know there are those, and I have heard of such, who would bluster at them : but my mirth at the bustling importance which the poor fellows affected, soon sunk into serious concern ; I said within myself, “ Alas, how hard must be your lot indeed ! ” and my imagination was in an instant back again in London, where a porter often makes you pay for a job, not in money only, but in patience also, and where the furliness of independence scowls upon his brow as he does your work. Every one of my men demanded a remuneration for his labour : one man could have easily done the work of five—but I resolved not to send them away discontented : he is but a fordid churl that would ; and I paid them to their full satisfaction. Here, my dear FREDERICK, let me offer you (since it occurs) my parental advice on this point—from the practice of which you will gain more solid felicity than you can possibly be aware of now : never weigh scrupulously the value of the work of the poor ; rather exceed than fall short of rewarding it : it is a very, very small thing, that will put them in good humour with you and with themselves, and relax the hard furrows of labour into the soft smile of gratitude—a smile which, to a heart of sensibility such as yours, will, of itself, ten-thousand-fold repay you, even though the frequent practice of it should abridge you of a few of those things called pleasures, or detract a little from the weight of your purse.

Being again seated in my barque, I set off for Ghent, a city lying at a distance of twenty-four miles

miles from Bruges. I must here remark to you, that the company one meets in those vessels is not always of the first rank; it is generally of a mixed, motley kind: but to a man who carries along with him, through his travels, a love for his fellow-creatures, and a desire to see men, and their customs and manners, it is both pleasant and eligible—at least I thought it so, and enjoyed it. There were those amongst us who spoke rather loftily on that subject: I said nothing; but it brought to my mind a reflection I have often had occasion to concur in, viz. that a fastidious usurpation of dignity (happily denominated *statel nefs*) is the never-failing mark of an upstart or a blockhead. The man of true dignity, self-erect and strong, needs not have recourse, for support, to the comparative wretchedness of his fellow-creature, or plume himself upon spurious superiority. You will understand me, however! When I say, “the man of true dignity,” I am far, very far, from meaning a lord, a squire, a banker, or a general officer—I mean a man of intrinsic worth—*homo emunctæ naris*—one who, in every station into which chance may throw him, feels firm in the consciousness of right—who can see and cherish merit, though enveloped and concealed behind a shabby suit of clothes—and who scorns the blown-up fool of fortune, that, without sense or sentiment, without virtue, wisdom, or courage, presumes to call himself great, merely because he possesses a few acres of earth which he had neither the industry nor merit to earn, or because his great-great-grandfather purchased a title by perfidy to his country, the plunder of his fellow-citizens, or the slaughter of mankind.

Although the face of that part of the country through which we are now passing, like that of the preceding stage from Ostend to Bruges, wants diversity, it has its charms, and would be particularly delightful

lightful in the eye of an English farmer ; for it is covered with the thickest verdure on each side of the canal, and the banks are decorated all along by rows of stately trees, while the fields in the back ground are cultivated to the highest degree of perfection, and bear the aspect of producing the most abundant harvest.

You will be able to form a judgment of the trifling expence of travelling in this country, from my expences in this stage of twenty-four miles. I had an excellent dinner for about fifteen pence of our money ; my passage cost me but sixteen more, amounting in all to two shillings and seven pence : compare that with travelling in England, where one cannot rise up from an indifferent dinner, in an inn, under five shillings at the least, and you must be astonished at the disproportion.

Ghent is the capital of Flanders, and is to be reckoned among the largest cities of Europe, as it covers a space of ground of not less than seven miles in circumference ; but there is not above one half of that occupied with buildings, the greater part being thrown into fields, gardens, orchards, and pleasure-grounds. Situated on four navigable rivers, and intersected into no fewer than twenty-six islands by a number of canals, which afford an easy, cheap, and expeditious carriage for weighty merchandize, it may be considered, in point of local advantages for commerce, superior to most cities in Europe ; while those islands are again united by about a hundred bridges, some great and some small, which contribute much to the beauty of the city.

To a man accustomed to mould his thoughts by what he sees in Great Britain, the strong fortifications that surround almost all towns on the Continent convey the most disagreeable sensations—reminding him of the first misery of mankind, War!—denoting,
alas !

alas ! too truly, the disposition of man to violate the rights of his fellow-creatures, and manifesting the tyrannous abuse of power. On me, though trained and accustomed to military habits, this "dreadful note of preparation" had an unpleasing effect ; for, though born, bred, and habituated to the life of a soldier, I find the feelings of the citizen and the man claim a paramount right to my heart.

Ghent was once extremely well fortified, and calculated, by nature as well as by art, to repel encroachment. It had a very strong castle, walls, and ditches ; and now, though not otherwise strong, the country may, by shutting up the sluices, be, for above a mile round, laid in a very short time under water. It was formerly so populous and powerful, that it declared war more than once against its sovereign, and raised amazing armies. In the year 1587, it suffered dreadfully from all the ravages of famine, under which a number not less than three thousand of its inhabitants perished in one week.

This town is distinguished by the nativity of two celebrated characters : one was the famous JOHN of Gaunt, son of King EDWARD the third of England ; the other, the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, who was born there in the year 1500.

It was in this city that the Confederation of the States, well known under the title of the Pacification of Ghent, which united the Provinces in the most lasting union of interest and laws, was held : this union was chiefly owing to the vigorous, unremitted efforts of WILLIAM the First, Prince of Orange, to whose valour and virtue may be attributed the independence of the United States.

In this city there were computed to be fifty companies of tradesmen, among whom were manufactured a variety of very curious and rich cloths, stuffs, and silks : it is certain, that the woollen manufacture flourished

rished here before it had made the smallest progress in England, whose wool they then bought. There was also a good branch of linen manufacture here, and a pretty brisk corn trade, for which it was locally well calculated. You will observe, once for all, that in speaking of this country, I generally use the past tense; for, at present, they are utterly undone.

Ghent was the see of a bishop, who, like the bishop of Bruges, was suffragan to the archbishop of Mechlin. Thus, in most Christian countries, are the intellects, the consciences, and the cash too, of the people, shut up and hid from the light, by priest within dean, and dean within bishop—like a ring in the hand of a conjurer, box within box—till at last they are enveloped in the great receptacle of all deception, the capacious pocket of the archbishop. Let not sceptered tyrants, their legions, their scaffolds, and their swords, bear all the infamy of the slavery of mankind! Opinion, opinion, under the management of fraud and imposture, is the engine that forges their fetters!!—JANSENIUS, from whom the Jansenists took their name, was the first bishop of this place; and the late bishop, I think, may be reckoned the last.

The municipal government of this city is correct, and well calculated to secure internal peace and order. The chief magistrate is the high bailiff; subordinate to whom are burgomasters, echivins, and counsellors.

Ghent is not deficient in stately edifices; and, true to their system, the holy fathers of the church have their share, which, in old Popish countries, is at least nineteen twentieths. In the middle of the town is a high tower, called Belfort tower; from whence there is a delightful prospect over the whole city and its environs. Monasteries and churches, there, are without number; besides hospitals and market-places: that called Friday's market, is the largest of all, and

is adorned with a statue of CHARLES the Fifth, in his imperial robes. The stadthouse is a magnificent structure—So is the cathedral, under which the reverend fathers have built a subterraneous church. What deeds are those which shun the light! Why those holy patriarchs have such a desire for burying themselves, and working like moles under ground, they themselves best know, and I think it is not difficult for others to conjecture.

This cathedral, however, is well worth attention, on account of some capital pictures it contains. The marble of the church is remarkably fine, and the altarpiece splendid beyond all possible description; and, indeed, in all the others, there are paintings, eminent for their own excellence, and for the celebrity of the masters who painted them.

In the monastery of St. PIERRE, there is a grand library, filled with books in all languages; but it is chiefly remarkable for the superlative beauty of its ceiling, one half of which was painted by RUBENS.

Thus you may perceive, my dear FREDERICK, the charity of the clergy!—how, in pure pity for the sins of mankind, and in paternal care of their souls, they exact from the laity some atonement for their crimes, and constrain them at least to repent—and, with unparalleled magnanimity, take upon themselves the vices, the gluttony, the avarice, and the sensuality, of which they are so careful to purge their fellow-creatures.

LETTER IX.

HAVING given you a general outline of the city of Ghent, I shall now proceed to give you an account of one of the most excellent, and certainly the most interesting, of all the curiosities in that place. It is indeed of a sort so immediately correspondent to the most exalted sensations of humanity, and so perfectly in unison with the most exquisitely sensible chords of the feeling heart, that I resolved to rescue it from the common lumber of the place, and give it to you in a fresh letter, when the ideas excited by my former might have faded away, and left your mind more clear for the reception of such refined impressions.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stand two large brazen images of a father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incidents :

Both the father and the son were, for some offence against the state, condemned to die. Some favourable circumstances appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the sentence, upon certain provisions—in short, he was offered a pardon, on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered into the mind of even monkish barbarity, namely, that he would become the executioner of his father ! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable : This is not to be wondered at ; for I hope, for the honour

honour of our nature, that there are but few, very few sons, who would not have spurned, with abhorrence, life sustained on conditions so horrid, so unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him, that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him, at his last moments, to think, that in his death he was the instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty: he lifted the axe; but, as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he would have yielded them all, one after the other, rather than again even conceive, much less perpetrate, such an act. Life, liberty, every thing, vanished before the dearer interests of filial affection: he fell upon his father's neck, and, embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father, my father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must be their hearts indeed, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene—A sudden peal of involuntary applauses, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended; and on a simple representation of the transaction, both were pardoned: high rewards and honours were conferred on the son; and finally, those two admirable brazen images were raised, to commemorate a transaction so honourable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the axe.

Lay this to your mind, my dear FREDERICK: talk over it to your brother; indulge all the charming sympathetic

sympathetic sensations it communicates : never let a mistaken shame, or a false idea (which some endeavour to impress) that it is unmanly to melt at the tale of woe, and sympathize with our fellow-creatures, stop the current of your sensibility—no ! Be assured, that, on the contrary, it is the true criterion of manhood and valour to feel ; and that the more sympathetic and sensible the heart is, the more nearly it is allied to the Divinity.

I AM now on the point of conducting you out of Austrian Flanders—One town only, and that comparatively a small one, lying between Us and Brabant : the name of this town is Alost, or, as the Flemings spell it, Aelst.

From Ghent to Brussels (the next great stage in my way), I found, to my regret, that there was no conveyance by water : I therefore was obliged to go in a voiture, and stopt at Alost, as an intermediate stage ; and mathematically intermediate it is—for it lies at equal distance from Ghent and Brussels, being exactly fifteen miles from each.

This is a small, but exceeding neat town, situated on the river Dender ; and being a remarkably great thoroughfare, accommodations of every kind are tolerably good in it. It would be idle to suppose, that Catholic zeal had left so many souls unprotected and undisciplined, where there were so many bodies capable of drudgery to pay for it. In truth, there has been as ample provision made for the town of Alost in the way of sacerdotal business, as for any other town in the Netherlands—regard being had to its bulk ; for there were several convents of friars, and of course several of nuns : besides, there was a Jesuit's college of some note. How they all fare by this time, it is difficult for me to determine.

The church of Saint MARTIN could boast of some excellent pictures, particularly a most capital piece, "*La Peste*," by RUBENS.

In a convent inhabited by a set of monks, denominated Gulielmite, I saw the tomb of THIERRY MARTIN, who first brought the art of printing from Germany to that place. His name and fame are transmitted to us by an epitaph upon his tomb, written by his friend, the ingenious Erasmus.

This tomb of THIERRY MARTIN stands a monument, not only of his merit, but of the short-sightedness and folly even of monks. Alas, silly men! they little knew, that when they granted THIERRY MARTIN the honours of the convent, they were harbouring, in their hallowed ground, one of their greatest enemies, and commemorating the man who was contributing to the overthrow of their sacred order: for the art of printing, wherever it reached, illuminated the human mind, and first kindled up that light, before which priestcraft, and all its pious impostures, like evil spectres, have vanished. To the art of printing is human society indebted for many of the advantages which it possesses beyond the brute or savage tribes—for the perfection of arts, the extension of science, the general enlargement of the mind, and, above all, for the emancipation of person and property from the shackles of despotism, and of the human intellect from the fetters of blindness and ignorance with which sacerdotal fraud had chained it for centuries to the earth.

The territory of this city is of pretty large extent, and is called a county, having, in ancient times, had counts of its own; and the whole of it is extremely fruitful in pasture, corn, hops, flax, and most other productions of those climes.

I made but a very short stay at Alost, when I proceeded on to Brussels; and, having thus brought you through

through that part of the Netherlands called Austrian Flanders, I think I ought to give you a general account of the country at large, as I have hitherto confined myself merely to the cities and towns of it; but as this letter is already of a length that will not allow of any great addition, I shall postpone my intended description to my next.

LETTER X.

WERE mankind to be guided by moderation, reason, and justice—were there no lust for territory in particular states—no ambition or desire in kings for an undue enlargement of their power—no unjustifiable infractions attempted by one state or potentate upon the peace and possession of another—no armies to carry desolation and plunder through the world, nor churchmen more mild, but not more moderate, to drain them with their subtle deceptions—were the husbandman, the fisherman, the manufacturer, and the labourer, permitted to make, by their industry, the best use of the soil on which chance or nature had planted them, and to lift the fruits of their labour to their own lips—no people were more happy than the inhabitants of Austrian Flanders.

This country is bounded, to the north, by the Scheldt; to the north-west, by the Northern Sea; to the south, and south-west, by Artois, one of the finest Provinces of France; and to the east, by Brabant. Its greatest length is seventy-five miles; and its

its greatest breadth, fifty-five. The air is good ; but it is said to be better in proportion as it recedes from the sea. The winters are sometimes long and severe, and the summers sometimes wet and sultry ; yet, in general, the climate is agreeable. The soil is in most parts fertile, and in some to a degree equal to that of any part of Europe. It is chiefly famous for its pasturage ; in consequence of which, great numbers of black cattle, horses and sheep, are bred in it, and immense quantities of butter and cheese made. It is, besides, abundantly productive of all sorts, of culinary vegetables—fruit in great quantities—corn and flax, which last is not only raised in great plenty, but is celebrated for the fineness and strength of its staple. It is true, that in some parts they have not corn sufficient for the inhabitants ; but this is well recompensed by other productions, with the redundance of which they purchase the superfluous grain of their neighbours—for, where the inhabitants do follow tillage, the produce is unequalled, and the superfluity must of course be great.

The superior fecundity of the sheep of this country is very remarkable, and difficult, perhaps, to be accounted for—a ewe here bringing forth constantly three lambs at a birth, sometimes four, sometimes five, and some have been known to produce as many as six and seven—no small instance of the prodigality of nature in providing for this spot.

At some distance from the sea-coast, the face of the country is decorated with a profusion of wood, fitted either for timber or for fuel ; and towards the coast, where nature has been rather niggard of that blessing, the inhabitants substitute, in its stead, for fuel, a kind of turf, which they find at the depth of four or five feet from the surface of the earth, and which makes a fire, not only cheerful, pleasant, and hot, but remarkably wholesome, being free from the de-

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tructive sulphureous and bituminous vapour attendant upon coal.

Perhaps no part of the world is better supplied than this province with all sorts of fish, as well those of sea as fresh water : fowl and venison were extremely plenty and reasonable ; and a great deal of excellent beer was brewed in it. It is washed by several rivers, four of which are noble streams, namely, the Scheldt, the Lys, the Scarpe, and the Dender ; and there are several canals, the chief of which is that between Bruges and Ghent.

Thus in whatever way it be considered, nature seems to have made ample provision for the happiness of the people : how far they are so, you shall hear when I come to give a general view of the Netherlands—that which is applicable to Austrian Flanders being equally so to all the other parts of the Netherlands, excepting those under the dominion of the Republic of the United States.

The States of this country, according to the constitution it once possessed, consisted of clergy, the nobility, and the commoners. The clergy were the bishops and abbots : the nobility was composed of certain families holding hereditary offices or baronies, to which that privilege was annexed ; and the commoners were made up of the burgomasters, pensioners and deputies of the cities and districts. But the only religion professed or tolerated in this country, was the Roman Catholic.

Of the people of Austrian Flanders a celebrated Author gives the following account, which I transcribe for your use, the rather as my stay there was too short to enable me to make any material observations on them, or their manners.—

“ With respect to the persons and characters of the inhabitants,” says he, “ they are, generally speaking, lusty, fat, and clumsy—very industrious, both in cultivating

cultivating their lands, and in their trades and manufactures—lovers of liberty, and enemies to slavery—and not defective in good sense or judgment, though they have not so lively an imagination as some other nations. Their women are fair, handsome enough, and honest by their natural constitution, as well as from a principle of virtue: as they cannot pretend to wit and repartee, they do not make themselves ridiculous by the nauseous affectation of them. Both sexes are great lovers of public diversions; and every city, town, and village, have their kermesses, or fairs, in which all sorts of shews are exhibited.”

Many arts which now enrich other nations, and the importance of which has excited contests and struggles of the most serious kind in the political world, were invented or improved in that country. Weaving, in general, though not invented, was greatly improved; and the art of forming figures of all sorts in linen was first invented there. To the Flemings we are also indebted for the arts of curing herrings, dyeing cloths and stuffs, and oil-colours. But those arts, and the manufactures, have gradually slid away from them, and left but a small share behind, when compared with their former flourishing state: they have flown to a land of liberty and security, where hostile feet never tread, where slavery corrupteth not, where war devoureth not, nor Priests nor Despots break in and steal. Nevertheless, silk, cotton and woollen stuffs, brocades, camblets, tapestry, linen, and lace, are still manufactured here to some small extent.

This province had counts of its own, from the ninth century up to the year 1369, when it was made over, by marriage (like a farm of cattle) to the dukes of Burgundy; and afterwards, again, was by them made over, in like way of marriage, to the House of Austria. In 1667 France seized the southern part;

part; and the States General obtained the northern, partly by the treaty of Munster, and partly by the Barrier treaty of 1715.

To reckon upon the natural endowments of this country, one would suppose that it should be a terrestrial paradise: yet such is the wickedness of man, and the outrageous spirit of power, that it is almost the last country in Europe in which I would have property, and fix a permanent residence. Just now, while I am writing, I have before me an account, that the French to whom they opened their gates, have plundered them to the last atom of their moveable possessions; and that the property of the unfortunate people is now in waggons, on its way to Paris.

Once more, my boy, I say, bless your God, that planted you in a country cheered by the voice of freedom, defended by British valour, and, what is of more consequence, surrounded by the Ocean.

LETTER XI.

HAVING conducted you through that part of the Netherlands called Austrian Flanders, we are now to direct our attention to that called Austrian Brabant, of which part, as well as of the Netherlands in general, Brussels, where I arrived the same day I left Ghent, is the capital, giving its name to a quarter or territory that surrounds it.

In all parts of the Netherlands through which I travelled, I could not help admiring the uniform decorations

corations of the roads, rivers, and canals, with rows of lofty trees, which form a most agreeable shade from the summer's burning sun, and yet do not obstruct any great extent of prospect, the country is so extremely flat. And one thing I remarked, and which certainly seems at first view, extraordinary, is, that in the great extent of country through which we have hitherto passed, from Ostend to Brussels, being sixty-eight miles, I scarce saw one nobleman or gentleman's seat—nothing above the house of a husbandman, a curate, or some person of small fortune: and yet the country is extremely rich; and I saw many spots, as I went along, charming beyond description, and such as would tempt, I should think, a man of taste and opulence to settle in them. This must appear unaccountable to those who do not recollect, that in a country subject like this to the ravaging incursions of contending armies, fortified towns are considered as the most pleasing, because the most secure retreats of opulence.

As I approached the city of Brussels, I was struck with a mixed sensation of surprise and delight at the appearance it made—none that I had ever seen being comparable to it, and not one in Europe, by the account of travellers, being in that respect superior to it, Naples and Genoa only excepted: like them, however, it, when entered, falls far short of the expectation raised by its external appearance, being all composed of hills and hollows, which not only fatigue, but render the appearance of the streets, though well built, contemptible and mean.

Brussels stands on the beautiful little river Senne, on the brow of a hill. The city is about seven miles in circumference, has seven gates, with extensive suburbs, and is encompassed with a double wall made of brick, and ditches; but its size is too great for strength, as a face of defence of such extent

could not possibly hold out a long siege—a great and insuperable defect in such a country as I have described.

Great as is the extent of ground on which this city stands, it is nevertheless very well built, and extremely populous. It is ornamented with no fewer than seven squares, all of them remarkably fine, particularly the great square or market place, which is reckoned to be perhaps the finest in Europe. Around it are the halls of the different trades, the fronts of which are adorned, in a superb manner, with emblematical sculpture, with gilding, and a variety of Latin inscriptions. One quarter of this square is entirely occupied by the town-houses, a noble pile of building, in which there were apartments where the States of Brabant met, finely adorned with tapestry in gilt frames, and some admirable original paintings. At the time I was there, the whole city was in motion, preparing for the Inauguration of the EMPEROR, who was then impatiently expected, and whose approach made such a bustle, and promised such a spectacle, as made me regret the necessity I lay under of proceeding on my journey. The town-house was put into the highest order, and subsequently fell a sacrifice to the great and important event for which it was prepared.

The steeple of this building is of a most stupendous height—three hundred and sixty-four feet; and on the top of it is erected a statue of Saint MICHAEL killing the Dragon, of the enormous height of seventeen feet: this colossal statue is so constructed as to serve for a weather-cock; and being made of copper, well gilt, is at once conspicuous, magnificent, and ornamental.

The public buildings of Brussels, particularly the palaces and courts of the several princes, counts, and other persons of distinction, (and, you may be sure, the

the churches and cloisters too), are spacious, expensive, and magnificent. Behind the imperial palace, which stood in the highest part of the city, but was burnt down many years ago, is a park, well stocked with deer, and planted with trees, like St. James's-park at London, for the inhabitants to walk in. At the farther end of it is a fine pleasure-house, built by the Emperor CHARLES the fifth, after his abdication.

The palace is a magnificent structure: the rooms of it are finished in a style far superior to those of any palace in England, and enriched with many fine paintings: that of the family of HECTOR, in the council chamber, lays claim to the first rank of eminence. Of the other buildings (the grandeur of which entitle them to the names of palaces), those of the Prince de la Tour and Taxis, and the British earl of Aylesbury, are distinguished by great beauty and magnificence. Indeed, in all the palaces, there are collections of original paintings, by the most eminent masters, both Italian and Flemish.

The royal library of Brussels claims particular attention, for the magnitude and liberality of its establishment, containing a grand collection of the most excellent books in all languages, and being open all the year on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, to public access.

The arsenal of Brussels is extremely well worth going to see, on account of the very curious antique arms it contains—of which it is, at this distance of time, impossible for me to give you any account worth attention. The armour of the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, together with the furniture of his horse, and state sword, are shewn: I could see nothing either novel or interesting in them—a strong mark, I presume, of my want of taste; but I confess my organs are not so refined as to feel any extraordinary emo-

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tions at the sight of a heap of inert matter, merely because it once enveloped the carcase of a tyrant : neither were they so very coarse or dull as not to undergo very pointed sensations at the sight of the armour of MONTEZUMA, the injured emperor of Mexico, the victim of avarice and rapine, under their usual mask, religion. Why MONTEZUMA's armour should make a part of the trophies of a Popish state, and be triumphantly exhibited, is hard to account for in human folly : why that should be exhibited which is a stain of the deepest-damned black, in their black code of faith, is astonishing, unless we allow the truth of the old saying, "*Quos DEUS vult perdere, prius dementat ;*" and that, after having violated every principle of virtue, morality, and human feeling—after having surpassed in cruelty all that we know of the worst monsters of the earth, or of the deep, the fell hyena, or the ravening shark—after having successfully emulated the worst efforts of the most malignant spirits that are said to hold counsel for the ruin of mankind in hell—they were desirous to transmit the spoils of their ravages to posterity, to tell them what glorious things have been atchieved in days of yore, for the love of CHRIST—to demonstrate what benefits are to be derived from a religion which has, for so many hundred years, given sanction to every enormity that strikes the soul of man with horror, and thereby to make converts to their principles. Monsters ! fools ! Away with your idle cants, ye hypocrites, who would brand the cruelties of the present days, the massacres of the Jacobins, with the crime of infidelity, and attribute those much lamented defections from humanity to a falling off from the Christian faith. Look to Mexico !—see a monster, a high priest of your religion, collecting, by fair promises and sweet persuasion, a people round him ; and, when a plain was filled, commanding his bloodhounds, armed

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ed with sword and crucifix, to fall upon and murder them—because one poor creature, who knew not what a book meant, had accidentally dropped a bible from his hands!—see him not sparing age or sex, but butchering all, for the love of CHRIST!—When have the deluded and enfrenzied mob of France perpetrated, in the full torrent of popular frenzy, such atrocities as this cruel priest committed in cold blood? when have they hunted down their fellow-creatures, massacred children, and given their yet panting members to their dogs for food, as pious Christians, headed by a pious priest, have done in Mexico? Never! never!—Learn wisdom, then, ye hypocrites! and if you cannot convince your enemies by reason, or conquer them by force, and if their predatory and wicked progress is not to be stopped, do not sanctify their enormities, or palliate their crimes, in the eye of reason, by a comparison with those of a deeper dye: remember, that “not to be the worst stands in some rank of praise,” and that the Jacobin cruelties of Paris, horrible though they were, were pity and tender mercy, compared with the Christian butchery in Mexico, in Europe, in Asia, in every place where Popery ever set its bloody hoof.

You are not, from what I say, to infer that I entertain any illiberal animosity to Popery, as many men, and more women, do, merely because its articles of faith differ from those in which I was bred; I trust my heart and understanding are above such very degrading prejudices: but I abhor every thing that militates against human happiness—every thing that crushes the operations of intellect—every thing that stops the current of opinion, and prevents its course from enlarging and meliorating our condition: I abhor the impertinent and hypocritical intrusion of all churchmen upon national or domestic concerns; the more, when that intrusion is mischievous; and more

still, when it assumes the mask of piety—for that is at once a fraud upon man and an abuse of God. All those causes of abhorrence attach, more or less, to all sects of the Christian religion, the Quakers only excepted—but to Popery rather more than to any of the others; for it is observed, that while the very first principles of Christianity, as originally laid down in theory, are peace and good-will towards men, warfare, persecution, and bloodshed, have practically marked its footsteps wherever it has trod, and its very essence been perverted by its own ministers, who, entrusted with the key of the temple, steal the vestments from the altar, to cover the deformed, crooked back of vice. But the rays of dawning reason now break with fuller light upon mankind; and it hastens to meridian splendence, before which those phantoms raised by pious jugglers will vanish, and, “like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.”

LETTER XII.

IN the arsenal of Brussels was another curiosity, which I overlooked in my last—a model of a cannon, constructed so as to throw seven balls at once. It is some consolation to philanthropy to reflect, that of all the abominable engines and instruments which the inventive faculties of man have discovered to increase the cruelty and carnage of war, not one has been of late times adopted. This model lies here, therefore, only as a memorial of the diabolical genius of the inventor,

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The opera-house of Brussels, accounted the noblest and largest in Europe, is built after the Italian manner, with rows of lodges or closets, in most of which are chimneys. One of those, which belonged to a prince, whose title I now forget, was hung with looking-glasses, in which, while he sat by the fire, took refreshments, or reclined on his couch, he could see the whole representation, without being exposed to the view of either the actors or the audience.

The markets of Brussels are very remarkable. The dukes of St. Pierre paid no less than forty thousand florins, or upwards of three thousand pounds Sterling, for four pictures of them, painted by RUBENS and SYNDER—LEWIS the Fourteenth of France offered an immense sum of money for them; but they found their way at last into the collection of the British Earl of Orford. The value of them is said, by connoisseurs, to be beyond computation.

Brussels is extremely well supplied with water; for, besides the river, it has twenty public fountains, adorned with statues, at the corners of the most public streets; and the lower part of the city is cut into canals, which communicate with the great one, extending from Brussels to the Scheldt, fifteen miles: by means of this canal, which was finished in 1561, and cost the city eight hundred thousand florins, a person may sail from Brussels to the North Sea; and barques do actually go twice a-day to Antwerp, and back again.

This city is full of churches, of which the most remarkable is that of Saint MICHAEL and Saint GUDULA, commonly called the cathedral. It is a superb, old Gothic structure, and, from its celebrated situation, a most beautiful ornament to the city. It is not only grand in its external appearance, but finely adorned within. The pillars which support the roof are lofty and elegant: and against each is a sta-

tue of ten feet in height. There are no less than sixteen chapels in it; and each chapel is enriched with abundance of splendid ornaments, altar finery, candlesticks, crucifixes, &c. and with some excellent pictures too: a picture of JESUS CHRIST presenting the keys of Paradise to Saint PETER, which is reckoned among the chef-d'œuvres of RUBENS, hangs in one of those chapels. There are some monuments, also, of very great merit, in the choir of this church. But that which I think by far the greatest and most admirable curiosity (I mean of human workmanship) in the church, is a pulpit—one of the richest and most exquisitely wrought pieces I have ever seen: at the bottom are seen ADAM and EVE as large as life, represented as at the moment when the angel drove them out of Paradise: in both of their faces are deeply and expressively marked the traits of a mind agonised with anguish and remorse: behind EVE is a figure of Death, which follows them; and on the top of the pulpit are seen the figures of JESUS CHRIST and the Virgin MARY crushing the head of the Serpent. The strong expressions in the faces of all those figures, and the exquisite turn of the workmanship, is the more remarkable, as it is all cut out of oak wood.

Of supernatural curiosities, one of the chapels in this cathedral contains some, that, for miracle, yield to none in the long catalogue of monkish devices. Three hosts or wafers are daily worshipped by the people; which hosts or wafers, the priests firmly assert, and the people as firmly believe, were, so long ago as the year 1369, stabbed by a Jew, and bled profusely. They are exposed on every festival, in a chalice richly set with diamonds; and on the first Sunday after every thirteenth of July, there is a yearly procession in memory of this stabbing and bleeding, when the hosts are carried in great state round the city, embellished with all manner of precious stones,

and

and attended by all the clergy, secular and regular, the magistrates, the courts of justice, and even by the governor of the province : the chapel where they are kept is of marble, and the altar of solid silver.

Great GOD ! what an opprobrium to the human understanding, that, at the time when the mind of man is sufficiently enlightened to avoid the weakness of shameful credulity, a whole people should stoop to such extravagant imposition ! what a shame to justice and honesty, that those who are trusted to guard the rights of a people, and who certainly are too well informed to yield their belief to such trash, should yet join in, and give the weight of their authority to so gross, so wicked a deception on a community ! The magistrates, the courts of justice, and the governor—they walk, too, in company with the bald-pated impostors—Good GOD ! can more be said ? volumes of comment could not elucidate or render it more conspicuously absurd than the bare recital of the fact itself.

It is impossible for me to recount to you the number of nunneries, of various orders, in which unfortunate women were cloistered up, some from bigotry, and others by force, in this city. There were, however, two of them English—one of Dominican ladies, founded by Cardinal HOWARD, in the reign of CHARLES the Second, of which a lady of the noble House of Norfolk was always abbess : the other is of Benedictine nuns ; the Beguinage of the latter is like a little town, surrounded with a wall and ditch, and divided into pretty little streets, where every Beguine has her apartment ; the number of them amounts in general to seven or eight hundred, sometimes more.

If population be the true strength of a nation, this part, of Popery is very impolitic. The succession of women in this one convent since the reign of CHARLES the second, must amount to many thousands. Had those been married, and, on an average, had only

two children each, with the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, down to the present day, in all the ramifications of descent, there is no doubt but their number would equal that of the whole people of some extensive provinces. What, then, must be the loss to the population of the earth, arising from the celibacy of so many millions of males and females as have been consigned to sterility in the catholic countries, ever since that extraordinary doctrine came first into fashion? It is out of the reach of calculation: not but, now and then, they may have children—indeed they certainly have; but those are generally disposed of in a way not to bring shame on the frail Sisterhood, or their Confessors.

In wading through such a torrent of offensive ideas as the innumerable absurdities and deceptions of Popish countries continually raise in the mind, it is a pleasing circumstance to be relieved by the contemplation of some really useful, humane institution; and such a one presents itself now to my recollection: At Brussels, and, I am told, at all great towns of the Netherlands, there is a public office for lending money at a very moderate interest upon pledges: it is called the Mount of Piety; and was established nearly 108 years ago by the Archduke, ALBERT, and ISABELLA, his wife. By this institution, the poor are saved from the fleecings and frauds of pawn-brokers: and to render it still more perfect in accommodation, there are private passages for entrance; so that those who would wish to conceal their necessities, are exempted from the mortification of being seen publicly going in, or coming out.

You have read, I presume, that in the days of Heathenism, the Deities of that curious Mythology were supposed to rejoice in the number Three. The Popish Code has fixed upon Seven as the lucky number,

ber. Thus they have seven sacraments, seven deadly sins, &c. &c. Brussels has improved upon that; and, taking the hint from their blessed liturgy, has seven grand streets; seven parish-churches; seven Patrician families, out of which the Magistrates are or were elected; seven large squares; seven midwives, licensed and sworn by the Senate; and seven gates, leading to seven places of recreations and exercise, one to a place proper for fowling, a second to a place for fishing, a third to one for hunting, a fourth to pleasant fields, a fifth to pastime grounds, a sixth to springs and vineyards, and a seventh to gardens. Besides all which sevens, they boast of having once had the great good fortune of entertaining, at one time, seven crowned heads, with seven thousand horse belonging to their retinue. If there were any spell in the number Seven, the people of Brussels surely must have been secure from all mischief; but the *Sans-culottes* have broken the charm, dispersed the necromancers, and lowered poor number Seven to its mere arithmetical value.

The inns, or eating-houses, in this city, were equal to any in the world: a stranger might dine there better and cheaper than in any place perhaps, on earth. The wines, also, were excellent and cheap; and coach-hire beyond expectation reasonable—And here I recollect to remark to you, that, all the way from Ostend to Brussels, one is obliged to sit, dine, &c. in bed-chambers; a circumstance which is extremely discordant to the feelings of those who have been used to British inns, although the bed-chambers are, to say the truth, large and commodious. At the very walls of Brussels begins the famous wood of Sogne, from which the inhabitants were allowed to cut wood for fuel: as fast as the trees were cut down, fresh ones were planted in their
stead;

stead ; by which means the wood was preserved, and it afforded a continual supply to the poor.

Brussels is so very remarkable, a place that I have taken more than my usual scope of description of it. Just as I had finished it, I read a paragraph in the public papers, stating that it is likely to be annexed to the territories of the French Republic.

LETTER XIII. .

HITHERTO, as I have proceeded on my travels, I have been purposely very particular in my descriptions of the towns through which I passed on my way to India, in order to give your mind a disposition to inquiry, and point out to you an overflowing source of improvement and delight. Having so far shewn you how amply you will be rewarded, even in amusement, by the trouble of searching into books, for the accurate topographical descriptions of towns, cities, buildings, &c. &c. I think I may spare myself that labour for the future, and confine myself to those points that more immediately apply to the enlargement of the mind—I mean, the government, laws, manners, and character of the people of each country ; and only use the former as subservient to the latter purpose, at least until I come to those places where, the ground being but little trodden by British feet, more precise description may become necessary.

But,

But, before I leave the Netherlands, I must make a few remarks upon the country and people, which it would be unpardonable in me to omit, after having been already so minutely particular in things of inferior merit to the scope of my plan.

Although personal appearance be, in the eye of Moral Philosophy, a very inferior consideration, and mind the proper study of man; yet, in describing a people, I cannot think it altogether unnecessary to include their personal appearance, as it will be found that there exists a greater analogy between the person and the mind of men than is generally perceived. Thus the lively hilarity, the restless activity, the levity and fantastic character of the French, are strongly portrayed in the national person. In like manner, the lusty, fat, clumsy and misshapen person of the people of the Netherlands, is strongly illustrative of the temper and habit of their mind, intellects and spirits: industrious and heavy; dull of understanding, but not defective in judgment; slow in work—but, persevering in effort, and unerring in the process, they are generally successful in the end: in war, cold and backward at offensive operations, but inflexible and terrible in resistance; like the boar of the forest, they seek not the combat with any, but will not go out of their way to decline it with the most powerful: their appetites and desires cooler than other nations, but less subject to change or caprice: never violently in love, but rationally attached to their wives; and both men and women faithful to their conjugal vow, as well from natural temperament, as from a principle of virtue.

Thus constituted by nature, the effects of their industry are wonderful in every thing, but chiefly in their canals and sluices, which serve not only for the support of their commerce, and the facility of intercourse, but for their defence against enemies: this

was in other times ; but, alas ! the former of these uses, commerce, has so entirely absorbed all their intellect, and possessed their very souls, that they seem almost entirely negligent of the latter ; and from being, of all people, the most wise and vigilant in determining and ascertaining their rights, the most zealous asserters and defenders of their independence, the most ardent friends to liberty, and the most determined enemies to slavery, they are become a sort of strange, inconsistent, hotch-potch politicians, whom ingenuity itself would find a difficulty in describing. They retain so much of their ancient and noble vigilance as serves to make them suspicious—so much of their independence as disposes them to change—so much of their jealousy as stimulates them to resistance—but not one particle of their former wisdom, to instruct them where they should attach themselves, where resist, or where resolve to act—nor of their courage to carry any resolution they might form into effect.

In the year 1781, the Emperor JOSEPH the Second came to Brussels, in order to indulge his paternal feelings as a monarch with the contemplation and view of his subjects, and also to be inaugurated ; and perhaps upon no occasion that has ever occurred in the most volatile nation, was there greater joy more universally expressed. For some time before his arrival, the whole country was in motion ; and, even with them, domestic industry stopped its usual persevering pace, suspended in the eager, anxious expectation of his arrival. Every thing in the birth, education, natural disposition and person of the young Emperor, united to impress his subjects with the most exalted opinion of his goodness, and to inspire all ranks of people with the most fortunate presages of a wise and beneficent government. Nor did he disappoint them in his conduct, when among them, is handed over to remembrance, by a variety of acts of benevolence
and

and condescension, which showed that the grandeur of the monarch had not made him forget the nature of the man, and that his heart was better fitted for the mild, domestic enjoyments of a subject, than the stern and unbending hardihood fit for a King: for I am perfectly of opinion with the celebrated JUNIUS, that there are virtues in a private man which are vices in a King; and that the monarch of a country, in order to preserve respect, should avoid familiarity, and keep his person sacred from too general observation. SHAKESPEARE has put into the mouth of his HENRY the Fourth, a beautiful expression on this subject, well worth the attention of Kings—

“ Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, 'This is he.' ”

Of the number I have heard, I will mention one anecdote only, and one remarkable expression of JOSEPH's, which will serve to shew in its true light what his disposition was; and when you consider them as the act and sentiment of a young man nursed in the lap of despotism and pride, you cannot but consider them as marvellous.

In his journey to the low countries, he visited Wurtzburg; and, in his perambulating alone and *incog.* stopped at a little public-house, where the people were busily employed in entertaining themselves: he went in, and inquired why they were so merry—“ Sir,” said one of the country people, “ we are celebrating a marriage.” “ May I be permitted to join the company?” said the disguised Emperor. The host obtained that permission for him. When he entered

entered the room, the married couple were presented to him, and he received them with great gaiety, sat down, drank their health, and, having informed himself of their situation, took leave of the company : but what was their astonishment, when, on lifting up a bottle of wine, they found a draft for six hundred florins, signed JOSEPH, and payable for the use of the married couple.

At Luxembourg, when the people called aloud on Heaven to shower down blessings on him for his affability, he made use of this remarkable expression, while his feelings moistened his eyes : “ I wish I could make you as happy in my care, as I am in your affection !”

The affability of monarchs has often been magnified by the foolish, and often blamed by the wise : But, if all the instances of condescension practised by kings were like that I have recited of JOSEPH ; if they arose from a sound, unquestionable spirit of philanthropy, not from gaping curiosity, broad folly, or a puerile inquisitive habit ; and if, instead of conceiving those they visit paid for their intrusion with the honour of having conversed with majesty, and leaving them churlishly, they would generously pay them with hard cash, as the good Emperor JOSEPH did ; then, indeed, their affability might defy the exaggeration of fools, and must certainly command the applause of the wise.

On the 13th of July, the ceremony of inauguration took place at Brussels. Nothing could equal the splendour of the place but the general joy of the people : the crowds were beyond all conception immense, and every thing was carried on with regularity till evening, when, in playing off some fire-works, that noble building the town-house took fire, and was burnt : six unfortunate persons lost their lives, and twenty were dangerously hurt : those who perished were absolutely roasted, and their cries were beyond description

description piercing. To such a temper as JOSEPH's, you will readily conclude that this must be a most afflicting circumstance—it was so; and he left Brussels under the pressure of very different feelings from those with which he entered it, and was followed by the prayers and blessings of all the people.

But now we are to view the reverse of the medal. The sound of their prayers for his welfare, and praises of his goodness, had hardly died away upon their lips, ere their minds turned to revolt and rebellion. I will not say that they were not right in one or other, or which of those two extremes: certainly they could not be right in both; much less can their subsequent conduct be justified, or accounted for, in any principle of human nature, but that of the most abject meanness, dastardly feebleness, and gross folly. They returned to their allegiance, and besought forgiveness: that forgiveness was granted. How they have behaved since, I have already informed you, (see Letter IV.); and I have now to add, that, pillaged by the French, and likely to be left unprotected, they have again held their necks out, soliciting the protection and the yoke of Austria, and have actually offered to raise 100,000 men for the emperor, *if* he will again drive the French out of their territories—An excellent word that *if*!

How a people, once formed for manly pith and love of freedom, could bend so low, is unaccountable. It is a question hard to be determined, whether an obstinate adherence even to a bad cause, is not more respectable, than a fickle, alternate dereliction, and adoption of right and wrong, as it suits the caprice or convenience of the moment? Of two things so very contemptible, I think the former the least odious and least unmanly.

At the same time, my observations on the country led me to conceive, that under the name of freedom, they

they groaned under the yoke of tyranny; for, though the country was, as I have described it, charming, its fecundity unsurpassed, its face decorated with the best gifts of Providence—I mean, smiling fields and bleating plains—though *Ceres* profusely repaid the labours of the husbandman, though every field had the appearance of a garden, and though, upon inquiry, I found that land which would bring in England five pounds an acre, rented at eight, nine, and ten shillings of our money at most—yet, in spite of all this, the farmers were rather poor in general—not even one of them to be found rich or substantial, like the middle rank of that class of men in England. They wanted the great stimulus to industry—security of their property: they were liable to be turned out by their landlords at pleasure, and to be plundered when it should please some monarch to make war.

The first of these, however, you will observe, is not the oppression of the emperor: it is the tyranny of that worst of all constituent parts of a state, an aristocracy—a vile aristocracy!—that universal, that every-day despotism, under which all places groan, more or less—which is exercised in all the various gradations of life that chequer society, from the great man who, under the name of minister, domineers over the peer, to the country fox-hunting savage, who puts a poor wretch in jail to pine for years, (his family, the while, supported by the parish charity), only for doing that which makes the enjoyment of his own life, killing a partridge or a hare!—that aristocratic tyranny which is seen scowling on the brows of a swaggering fellow in power, adopted by his secretary with increase, by him handed down to an upstart set of fellows in office, dependent on his smile, and by them displayed in all the nauseous, despicable forms which awkwardness and ignorance, lifted above their station, never fail to assume—the cold reserve, the affected

fectured stare, the listless nod, the feigned deafness, blindness, absence, and other fashionable perfections, which serve as vents for upstart arrogance, and indemnify the sycophant for the vile homage and submission which he has before paid some wretch mean and arrogant as himself!—I tell you, my dear FREDERICK, it is this aristocratic usurpation of power, where power exists not, nor is necessary—this insulting assumption of superiority, this hidden petty oppression which rears its head in every manor, nay, almost every town and village in the kingdom, that puts the nations out of tune, mars the harmony of social arrangement, and renders power in the aggregate obnoxious. Why, our very women have their saucy, aristocratic, supercilious front, their haughty stare, their contemptuous titter; and barter the winning softness of the sex, the dimples where the loves should dwell, for the haughty toss of the head, the ill-natured sneer, and the insulting Hector's frown—And thus the spirit of aristocracy, like a poisonous weed, grows and expands from one to the other with baleful luxuriance, gradually overspreading the whole face of humanity, stopping the wholesome current of the social atmosphere, and choaking up the less rank but more useful plants—Thus it goes round in shameful traffic; and, as the poet says,

“The wh—re she kicks her cully,
Court-waiters are kick'd at call;
We are all kick'd, yet bully
While int'rest kicks the ball.”

I am persuaded, that if the grievances of the most despotic states were fairly estimated, and assigned to their real authors, the princes of such states would be found responsible for a very small share indeed, when compared with the aristocracy: and by aristocracy, I mean not merely lords, but all men who convert the

wealth which Providence has bestowed upon them to the purposes of tyranny, exactions, imposition, and oppression—under which four heads we will again find, not only imprisonment for begging alms, imprisonment for shooting a partridge, but often seduction, adultery, and persecution for resisting or resorting to law for punishment of that seduction or adultery. Of all those things, the proofs, I fear, in all nations, are abundant: I am sure they are so in the best governed state in Europe—I mean, England—

“Qui capit, ille facit.”

I have thrown up a fool's cap: how many are there who will privately put it on!

LETTER XIV.

AS the time of my departure from Brussels approached, I found the bitter sensations with which I left London, in some measure, returning. My fortunate encounter with General LOCKHART had afforded me a temporary respite; but now I was once more to face an unknown country alone, without the chance of again meeting a friend to solace my mind, or mitigate my woe, on this side of India.

Having seen as much of Brussels as my time and occasions would at all allow, and, in truth, having rather trespassed on my plan, for the reasons just mentioned, I determined to push forward as fast as it was possible, and took post for Liege, where I arrived,
after

after passing through a beautiful, fertile, well-cultivated country, to the charms of which the renewed agony of my feelings rendered me almost insensible.

As we have now almost the whole length of Germany before us to travel through, it will be proper, before I proceed further, to give you a general idea of the constitution of this vast empire—over all which, while one great monarch nominally presides, there are spread a number of petty potentates, who really rule after as distinct forms of government as almost any two governments, however remote, in Europe.

Considering the nature of government abstractedly, one would suppose that it arose from the general will of the society governed, and was formed for their use and benefit alone: but if we view the different systems scattered over the civilized part of the earth, we shall find that they originated from force and fraud; and that, in their first formation, when bodily prowess, not intellectual power, bore sway—when he that could carry the strongest armour, and strike the heaviest blows, was sure to govern—when mere animal strength and ferocity disinherited reason of her rights, and robbed her of that ascendancy to which the invention of gunpowder, aided by the art of printing, has since in some sort restored her—the basis upon which governments were raised was, one man, not the whole society; the point then was, how this or that strong ruffian could collect most slaves about him, not how this or that society should choose the best head: if he had strength to carry havoc through the ranks of their enemies, and then to overawe themselves, he was sure of dominion over the people, and left it to his son; but if it so happened that he did not also bequeath to him bodily prowess to preserve it, the next strong ruffian seized the reins, flung him from his seat, and kept it till he, or some one of his heirs, was again served so in his turn by some other usur-

per. Hence arose the cabals and intrigues of courts, the spirit of party, and intestine commotion; till at length the people, for their own security, and to avoid the horrors of civil war, made choice (from dismal necessity) of some one family to rule them. As society advanced, and opulence held forth temptation, some greater ruffian, followed by a horde of needy, famished barbarians, made incursions on those rulers; and being irresistible, as well from numbers firmly connected, as from the powerful impulse of necessity, under whose banners they generally robbed and ravaged, was submitted to on terms, and became Lord Paramount of a number of petty sovereigns; who did homage to him, and fleeced the miserable subjects, to keep him in humour; and thus, in a series of time, the power of both took root, and remained immoveable, unless when torn up by some violent tempest that convulsed the state, and shook it to its foundations.

Reading this account, you will very naturally exclaim, "Good God! how absurd! how irrational!" Yet so it is; and from this source, muddy though it be, is modern honour, and modern greatness, and modern high blood, derived: from this foul and turbid fountain have most of the governments of the world issued; from those strong men of yore have most of our modern governors descended: and as it generally happens (so equally has Providence distributed the gifts of nature) that the strength of the intellectual part is in the inverse ratio of the animal, perhaps that is the reason why monarchs are formed, in general, of greater bodily vigour than mental endowments, and better fitted for the field than the cabinet—and for this reason are obliged to take from the puiſne ranks of their subjects some assistant, so far removed from the great standard of antique dignity, as to possess understanding enough to govern.

Upon

Upon a retrospective view of the History of Europe, it will be found, that for a long time after the birth of CHRIST, Germany was divided among such petty rulers as I have described, who each held his little state in sovereignty, and was called *Princeps* in Latin, or, in plain English, *Prince*. After the downfall of the Western Empire, a nation called *Franks*, from that part called *Franconia*, over-ran a great part of Gaul and Germany, and in the fifth century took possession of that part of Gaul which lay north of the river Loire. In the year 800, CHARLEMAGNE, the son of PEPIN, their king, formed an immense empire in the west, comprehending a great part of Germany, France, Italy, and a part of Spain. About eighty years afterwards, the petty princes of Germany shook off the French Carlovinian race, and elected an emperor of their own from the House of Bavaria.

At last HENRY the Fourth, having displeased that grand arbiter the Pope, was put under the ban, and in consequence deposed by the states; on which occasion his Holiness had the address to make that great dignity elective, he having uncontrolled power over the electors; since which it has continued so, with some modifications, and under certain regulations, formed by CHARLES the Fourth, at the diet of Nuremberg. The election, however, has been always so managed, that it has never departed from the regular line of succession but when there was an actual want of heirs.

In a country over which the Pope had such influence, it might reasonably be supposed that intolerance is carried to a great length; but it is not so, as a review of each particular state shews. The established religion, in general, is Popery. JOSEPH the Second, that good and wise monarch, displayed a greater spirit of toleration than any other Catholic prince since HENRY the Fourth of France. He was not murdered

by

by a friar for it, it is true—those days of pious barbarity are past; but he was visited on the occasion by his Holiness, who, after a variety of remonstrances against the relaxation he gave to religious severity in his own dominions, finding him unmoved by papers, resolved to attack him in person: but, whether it was that the pontifical amulet lost its charm when out of the air of Rome, or that his Holiness was not properly anointed before (like *Hecate* in *Macbeth*) he took his flight, or that he forgot some of those reliques which were expected to operate on JOSEPH's mind, so it was, that the good emperor continued inflexibly attached to his former resolve; and, after kissing his Holiness' toe, and a thousand other pretty politenesses, sent him back to Rome again with his finger in his mouth; and a story to relate, that would, at one time, have set all Europe in a flame, and sent the good monarch, like HENRY the Second of England, to lash himself naked over the rotten remains of some vagabond fraudulent priest.

In the election of emperor, the laws of the empire have laid down no qualification but that which ought to be the *sine quâ non* of all princes, namely, that he be *justus, bonus, et utilis*—Neither have they made any limitation in regard to religion, nation, state, or age; nevertheless, the majority of electors being Papists, a Roman Catholic prince is always chosen.

The rank of the emperor is very great: he is looked upon by all crowned heads as the first European potentate; and, as such, precedence is always given him and his ambassadors: he is the supreme head of the German empire; but his power in the administration thereof is very limited indeed. In ancient times, the emperor had considerable domains and incomes; but warfare and prodigality have dissipated the greatest part of them, and they have been successively alienated or mortgaged, so that his reve-

nues were very inconsiderable lately, and now, since the French war, are almost as nothing.

The present emperor FRANCIS found the empire, when he was elected, incumbered with difficulties of the most enormous magnitude—a war on which the existence of every monarchy in Europe seemed to depend, an exhausted treasury, and a disposition to revolt in a part of his dominions, the Netherlands. At this present time, his situation is, beyond that of every other prince, lamentable:—almost all his resources gone, and an insolent, formidable, triumphant enemy, proceeding and carrying conquest by rapid strides through his country. He called upon his people to support him. The states of the Netherlands, instead of assisting him to stop the progress of the enemy, invited and opened their gates to them, put them in their bosom, and were stung. Of the other states, some refuse their aid, while some have recourse to feeble expedients; and, to evade the weight, temporise, procrastinate, and shuffle, till at length will come the French army, and force them to do for their enemy ten times more than (if done timely, and with a good grace) might save the empire and themselves. The KING of PRUSSIA, one of those states, on being called upon, says he is busily employed in securing the plunder of Poland, and cannot come—while the tyger is glutting in the blood of the harmless flocks, the huntsmen are coming upon him, to cut him off. As an Englishman, zealous for the welfare of my country, I wish the KING of PRUSSIA may not, by his attention to Poland, sacrifice all Germany to the French. As an honest man, I cannot help entertaining a wish, that the scandalous and outrageous wrongs done to Poland, and this treachery to the allies whom he himself brought into the present difficulties, may be expiated by any calamity, however great, that does not extend to the interest or wellbeing of Europe.

It is a maxim in courts of equity, that a man coming to demand redress, should come with clean hands, and, seeking equity, should do equity. This maxim has unfortunately never yet extended to decisions between states: power is their right, and force decides—Yet, in a contest like the present, the very foundation of which is hostility to kings, and which is carried on in the twofold way of arms, in the open field, and private negotiation for insurrection; when, for the interest of the cause they espouse, as well as their own personal safety, kings should assume at once their best form to appreciate themselves, and discredit their enemies in the eyes of mankind—in such a state of things, I say, for the KING of PRUSSIA and the EMPRESS of RUSSIA to take the part they have done with regard to Poland, is so extravagant, that we can only account for it in the will of the ALMIGHTY predisposing them for some extraordinary crisis. No one would expect them to depart from their accustomed crooked path of policy, if safety did not loudly call upon them to proceed in the direct road. It is monstrous to see beings endowed with common sense, expending themselves in an unjust struggle for aggrandizement, while the sword of extinction is suspended by a hair over their heads.

But to return—in this state is the young emperor at this moment, deserted by his people in the Low Countries, unaided by his Continental ally, and supported only by Great Britain. What the issue may be, God alone can tell: but every one possessing a heart of feeling, or a single sentiment of honour or justice, must wish that young prince a fortunate delivery from the difficulties which the impolicy and wickedness of others have led him into, and which the treachery of some of them make more formidable, if not utterly insuperable.

 LETTER XV.

THE various districts or territories into which Germany is divided, go under a variety of designations, not known among us as independent titles to power—principalities, feignories, counties, electorates, margravates, and bishoprics lay and spiritual. Of the lay bishoprics, Osnaburg, the prince bishop of which is our DUKE of YORK, makes one : and Liege, where we are now arrived is the territory of a bishop lay and spiritual, or spiritual and temporal, one of the fairest kind of that class—for he possesses temporalities, and enjoys them ; whereas their lordships merely spiritual, enjoy and have the ingratitude and impudence to renounce them : but no matter for that ; the bishop of Liege possesses a bishopric, fruitful in corn, wine, wood, and pasture, with air extremely pleasant and temperate ; and while the latter gives his terrestrial clay health and appetite, the former afford him the means of preserving the one, and indulging the other, with true spiritual comfort, and high ecclesiastical voluptuousness. In cases of repletion, too, the mineral waters of the bishopric, particularly the well-known one of Spa, offer their aid ; and some of the best beer in the world, which is brewed in these territories diversifies his spiritual Lordship's cup, and, with its pungent bitter, sends back his palate to his wine with renovated relish.

It is astonishing how inconsistent with themselves, and how discordant in their constituent principles, some

some very wise institutions are. Thus episcopacy, and all other branches, posts or ranks, high or low, commissioned or non-commissioned, of the church, publicly and systematically profess poverty, abstinence, and an utter indifference to temporal concerns, while their livings are enormous, and themselves overfed. Nay, so cautiously has ecclesiastical law provided for that, even in our liberal establishments, that a bishop, at his instalment, positively declares, in the face of God, at the holy altar, that he is averse to being a bishop—*nolo episcopari*. Under such conditions, what must not the charity, the condescension, the mortifying submission of a divine be, to stoop to a bishopric, and suffer such a heavy load to be heaped upon his back—against his will! Assuredly, the imposing a bishopric upon him must be a great act of violence on his inclinations: for I cannot think it possible that a Christian divine would, in the first place, commit the crime of simony by seeking preferment, and gaining it by prostitution; much less can I believe that he would be guilty, at the holy altar, of a solemn act of perjury, by swearing *nolo episcopari*, if he was not actually, and *bonâ fidè*, averse to a bishopric.

The bishop of Liege, however, may be fairly acquitted on the score of his temporal half, for the share of transgressions committed by his spiritual half. And unquestionably, as a Christian divine, he must groan in spiritual humiliation, when he reflects that his title is emblazoned with the gorgeous vanities of prince of Liege, duke of Bouillon, marquis of Franchemont, count of Looz, &c. Such a set of proud worldly titles are of themselves sufficient (putting the wine and beer, and repletion, out of the question) to annihilate the spiritual merits of the bishop, and expunge the grace of God from his name here, if not from himself hereafter.

Of all kinds of slavery, that nation groans beneath the worst, which has the name, without the essence, of a free constitution; and Germany abounds with such. By the constitution of this bishopric, the government consists of three states, the first is the chapter of Liege; the second, the nobility; and the third, the deputies of the towns and capital. These, however, are very seldom called together, except to *raise taxes*, or on some such *extraordinary* emergency: but there is a committee of the states who meet three times a-week, and in time of war daily; they are always about the prince bishop, to make remonstrances, and demand the redress of grievances—from whence we may reasonably infer, that the people are well protected, or at least well governed; the continual intercourse between the committee and bishops, no doubt, tending to promote a very happy influence in favour of the people!

In forming this constitution, special care has been taken to give the first state a great preponderance. The chapter is to consist of sixty persons, who must either prove their nobility for four generations, both by father and mother, or have been doctors or licentiates of divinity for seven years, or of law for five years, in some famous university, before they can be admitted.

How is it that the profession of the law should bear such potent sway in almost all countries—that even in Liege; a Catholic country and ecclesiastical government, five years study of the law should be deemed an equal qualification to seven of divinity? In England, and its dependencies, the ascendancy of the law is still greater; and even in America, that profession is the first step to state honours. The truth is, that the science of the law, which, however despicable in practice, is the noblest of human sciences, quickens and invigorates the understanding more than all the other kinds

kinds of learning put together ; while the study of divinity (I do not mean real divinity or morality, but that whimsical jumble of miracles and incongruities, of fulsome cant and senseless rhapsody, called so by churchmen) contracts the understanding, and bends it into a kind of crooked cunning. Formerly, the clergy were the dispensers of the laws, and they alone studied it—Happy times ! happy people ! When the united powers of both lawyers and priests were lodged in the same person, it is no wonder that they were able to enslave the persons, when they had got possession of the understanding, of the people—that we at this day see so many stupendous monuments remaining of their pride and power, and that the bloated load of episcopacy still has its votaries and supporters.

The bishopric of Liege is very populous and extensive, containing many large towns, many baronies and seigniories, seventeen abbeys for men, who must be all gentlemen, and eleven for ladies, exclusive of swarms of inferior note. In this distribution of the abbeys, male and female, I do not think that sufficient regard has been had to equality of numbers : I really think the fathers have been ill used. The ladies, though, I dare say, are well enough contented with the arrangement.

Although, as I have already apprized you, I do not mean to enter into a minute description of towns, so very easily found in many volumes of geography and history, there occasionally occur certain curiosities in some of those towns, which it would be unpardonable in me to pass over, as they may not perhaps be found in such books of those sciences as fall in your way.

Liege, the capital of the bishopric, is unquestionably a beautiful city, of immense size : its opulence, its pleasantness, its plenty, and salubrity, may be calculated

lated from the name it has long been expressly called by way of eminence—*the Paradise of Priests*.—Indeed, it must needs be a holy and happy city ; for it is chiefly occupied with convents, churches, and other religious foundations.

The Paradise of Priests!—Excellent ! Why, if the genius of sensuality himself were to torture his invention for centuries, to strike out an appellation for the grand emporium of luxury, voluptuousness, and sensual enjoyment, he could not have hit on one so singularly appropriate as *the Paradise of Priests*.

In a grand cathedral here, are five great silver chests full of reliques, besides several silver statues of saints ; and a Saint GEORGE on horseback, of massy gold ; and in Saint WILLIAM's Convent, without the city, is the tomb of the famous English traveller, Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, from whom all lying travellers have been since proverbially called *Mandevilles*—an appellation which, I promise you, I will hazard the imputation of dulness rather than incur. I suppose it was for his truly priestlike powers in the *marvellous* that he was honoured with a birth among their reverences. They have thought it necessary, however, to entreat, by an inscription in bad French, all persons who see it, to pray for his soul. In truth, poor Sir JOHN's marvellous stories were as harmless as ever were invented, and entertaining to boot. If so much could be said for their reverences, they might venture to rest their future safety on their own innocence and God's mercy : but I fear their miracles cut deeper, and will be found to go to a much more important and serious account.

In the bishopric of Liege, twenty miles from the capital, stands the famous town of Spa, so renowned for its excellent waters, that it has become a vulgar name for almost all mineral waters whatsoever. These are said to open obstructions, concoct crudities, dry

up

up excessive moisture, and strengthen the nerves and bowels ; and such is their reputation, that prodigious quantities of them are carried into foreign countries. Fortunate coincidence, to have such a choice and easy panacea for intemperance attached to *the Paradise of Priests !*

LETTER XVI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—The imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, by the Germans called Achen, lies at the distance of twenty-six miles, nearly east, of Liege. As it was a moderate stage, the weather fine, and the face of the country around beautiful, I found my journey extremely pleasant, and entered that famous city in as good a disposition to be pleased with it, as circumstances and reflections so melancholy as mine (which, in spite of every effort, would intrude themselves) may be supposed to allow. It is certainly a very fine city, and well deserves the reputation it has in all parts of the world.

Perhaps no city in Germany has a fairer claim to antiquity than Aix-la-Chapelle ; for it was famous, even, in the time of the ancient Romans, for its waters, and was by them called *Aquisgranum*, or *Urbs Aquensis*. It was destroyed by the Huns, who, like the French now, destroyed and trampled under foot every vestige of refinement, wherever they carried their conquests ; and it lay in ruins till it was rebuilt by CHARLEMAGNE, who made it the seat of his empire on this
side

side of the Alps. By him it was ordained, the kings of the Romans should be crowned there : and it has been famous, since that time, for councils and treaties, particularly that famous one between France and Spain in 1663, and another lately between France and Great Britain.

Although there are many Protestants, both Lutherans and Calvinists, in this city, they are obliged to go to church two miles off, at a place called Vaels, in the dutchy of Limburg ; so that Popery prevails with some portion of its intolerance. Here, as in all other places subject to its power, it has raised the Gothic gloomy pile, accumulated enormous masses of wealth, and hoarded up treasures, under the gulling pretexts of religious paraphernalia : a golden casket, set with precious stones of inestimable value, is hoarded up, not for the actual value of the moveable, but as the only fit receptacle for a relique it contains—a curious one, too, even of its kind—a bit of earth!—A bit of earth? yes! a bit of earth, common earth!—only with this fortunate circumstance in addition, that a drop of the blood of Saint STEPHEN fell, or is said to have fallen, upon it, as he was stoned to death! think of that, master FREDERICK! Why, when those things occur to me, I feel myself agitated by a whimsical tumult of sensations, serious and ludicrous, sorrowful and merry, that it is impossible to describe—something like that state in which the spirits flutter when a person whimpers between a laugh and cry. But, to carry the matter farther, when we recollect that some of the wisest and brightest of mankind, some of the bravest warriors, sternest philosophers, and ablest statesmen, that ever existed, have been the dupes of those shallow artifices, and actually have knelt in devout homage to these bits of earth, bone, sticks, and stone, &c. we must allow that it answers a great and noble end, by pointing out to

us the infirmity of our nature, and shewing us, to use the words of one of our brightest luminaries, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

We have already had, and are likely yet to have, such a clumsy load of cathedrals to attend to, that I should not mention that of Aix-la-Chapelle (a large, gloomy, dreary, old-fashioned, Gothic pile), were it not that it carries along with it some matters worthy of notice. What think you, then, of an emperor, a pope, and three hundred and sixty-five bishops, in one company? Oh! precious assemblage! But where, I hear you ask—where, in the name of God, collect the bishops? a pope and emperor are easily had! My dear FREDERICK, three hundred and sixty-five bishops might easily be picked up in Christendom, and leave more behind, too, than would serve any useful purpose to the world.—Yes, the Emperor CHARLEMAGNE, and three hundred and sixty-five bishops, were present at the consecration of this cathedral by Pope LEO the Third. That emperor lies now in great state under the altar of the choir: Pope LEO rots in Rome; and for the bishops, they are gone, perhaps, as *Hamlet* says, "to stop a beer barrel."—

"Th' imperial CÆSAR, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

From such a splendid and opulent attendance at the consecration, one would naturally expect that this cathedral would have been, at the very outset, enriched with costly and valuable trappings: but no—one image of that of Liege would purchase the whole. It should be recollected, however, that they were all, excepting the emperor, Churchmen—a class, whose charity, generally speaking, has, like a ring, neither end nor beginning; or at least ends and begins in itself, where nobody can see it; or, according to the old proverb, begins at home.

To compensate, however, for those worldly, worthless vanities, gold, silver, and jewels, his Holiness, and their three hundred and sixty-five Graces, presented the cathedral with some exquisite pieces of relique, of more inestimable value, by their account, than the mines of Potosi or Golconda: the first, an old covering—it would be folly for me to say, whether gown, petticoat, or shift—but they, that is to say, the priests, say, and the faithful believe them, that it was the shift worn by the Virgin MARY at the birth of CHRIST—how their Holinesses came by it, is hard to conjecture:—in the next place, a piece of coarse cloth, which, they also say, and are believed when they say, was girt about CHRIST on the cross:—thirdly, a piece of cord, with which they say he was bound:—fourthly, some of the blood of Saint STEPHEN, now eighteen hundred years old:—and, fifthly, a picture of the Virgin and Child, embossed on a jasper, by Saint LUKE. With all due deference to their Reverences' knowledge, I should think a dozen statues in gold of the apostles would be rather a more valuable gift, and more ornamental, than these rags and cords, which I dare say did not cost altogether six pence. We talk here of our blue ribbons, our red ribbons, and our stars, as great donations; but I think the presents of the Pope and three hundred and sixty-five bishops to the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, beat them out of the field, whether we consider the magnificence of the gift, or the generosity of the givers.

But that which, above all things, renders Aix-la-Chapelle worthy of notice, is the salubrity of its waters, which bring from England, and all other European nations, a vast concourse of valetudinarians, who contribute at once to the gaiety and opulence of the city and adjacent country. Some of those waters are used for drinking, and others for bathing, resembling very much, in their quality, the virtues of those of

Bath in Somersetshire, but that some of them are still hotter and stronger : they are unpleasant to the taste till use reconciles the palate to them, and most of them have a very offensive smell ; but they are often powerful in effect, and give relief in a great variety of maladies ; and they are rendered still more palatable by the commodious neatness of the baths, the excellence of the accommodations, and the great plenty of provisions, which are at once good and reasonable in this city.

I staid so short a time at Aix-la-Chapelle, that I could not, without the aid of some of the miracles wrought by the saints of the Romish church, or Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, acquire a sufficient knowledge of the people, to attempt a description of them, or their manners—but it and Spa are so well known, that you cannot have much trouble in finding a description of them already written.

As far as my observations enabled me to judge, there was nothing in the German character that had the power either to create interest, or excite great attention.—They are rather to be approved than admired ; and, wanting those prominent features that so whimsically chequer other nations with the extremes of bad and good, majestic and ridiculous, afford little subject to the traveller for the indulgence of sentimental reflection, or to the philosopher for the exercise of moral speculation.

LETTER XVII.

BIDDING adieu to the famous city of Aix-la-Chapelle, which, very untraveller-like, I passed without drinking of its waters, I pushed on, and soon arrived at the city of Juliers, the capital of a dutchy of that name, sixteen miles from Aix. The country itself is wonderfully fruitful, teeming with abundance of all sorts of corn, wood, pasture, woad, coal, and cattle; above all, a most excellent breed of horses, of which great numbers are exported.

As to the city, though a capital, there was nothing in it that I thought worth attention—that of neatness is its greatest praise. It is not, like Liege, overloaded with enormous church edifices; but, what is much better, the people are opulent, the poor well supplied, and all happy. In all likelihood, this is owing to the inhabitants being a mixture of Protestant and Roman Catholic; for, by a treaty between the Elector Palatine and the Emperor of Brandenburg, respecting the succession of the territories of the Duke of Cleves, both the Lutherans and Calvinists of this dutchy, and of Berg, are to enjoy the public exercise of their religion, and all other religious rites.

If experience would allow us to wonder at any thing in the management of the rulers of nations, it must surely be matter of astonishment, that in an article of such consequence as eternity, and which must be directed by private sentiments alone, such violence should systematically be offered to opinion, and that mankind

mankind should be dragooned, as they have been for so many weary centuries, into the profession of particular modes of faith. Combating opinion by force is so absurd, that I am sure those who have attempted it, never could flatter themselves with the slightest hopes of success. It is therefore clear, that it was in motives very different from real wishes for the eternal welfare of man's soul, that religious persecution originated. Political finesse and state stratagem are the parents of persecution: and until every constitution is clean purged of religious prejudices, it must continue to be clogged with obstructions, and involved in confusion. If it be objected that certain religious sects are hostile to certain states, it may be answered, that they are so because the state is hostile to them. Cease to persecute, and they will cease to be hostile—*Sublata causa tollitur effectus*. It is folly, broad folly, to suppose that there are in any particular religion, seeds of hostility to government, any more than in any particular name, complexion, stature, or colour of the hair. Put, for experiment, all the men in the kingdom, of above five feet ten inches high, under tests and disqualifications, (and it would be full as rational as any other tests)—and, my life for it, they would become hostile, and very justly, too; for there is no principle, human or divine, that enforces our attachment to that government which refuses us protection, much less to that which brands us with disqualifications, and stigmatises us with unmerited marks of inferiority.

The states of this dutchy, and that of Berg, consist of the nobility and the deputies of the four chief towns of each; and they lay claim to great privileges in their diets—but they are subject to the Elector Palatine, to whom they annually grant a certain sum for the ordinary charges of the government, besides another which bears the name of a free gift.

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Some authors say that this town was founded by JULIUS; others deny it; the dispute has run high, and is impossible to be determined: fortunately, however, for mankind, it does not signify a straw who built it; nor could the decision of the question answer any one end that I know, of instruction, profit, or entertainment. *Parva leves capiunt animas* Those who rack their brains, or rather their heads, for brains they can have none, with such finical impertinent inquiries, should be punished with mortification and disappointment, for the misuse of their time. But what else can they do? You say, Why, yes; they might sit idle, and refrain from wasting paper with such execrable stuff; and that would be better. By the bye, if there were two good friends in every library in Europe, licensed to purge it, like the Barber and Curate in *Don Quixotte*, of all its useless and mischievous stuff, many, many shelves that now groan under heavy weights would stand empty.

Travelling over a very even road, and a country extremely flat, (for from Aix-la-Chapelle I met with but one hill), I arrived at Cologne, the capital, not only of the archbishopric of that name, but of the Circle of the Lower Rhine. My spirits, which were not in the very best tone, were not at all raised on entering the city, by the ringing of church-bells, of all tones and sizes, in every quarter. Being a stranger, I thought it had been a rejoicing day; but, on inquiry, found that it was the constant practice. Never, in my life, had I heard such an infernal clatter: never before had I seen any thing so gloomy and melancholy—the streets black—dismal bells tolling—bald-pated friars, in myriads, trailing their long black forms through the streets, moulding their faces into every shape that art had enabled them to assume, in order to excite commiseration, and begging alms with a melancholy song calculated for the purpose,

somewhat

somewhat like that of our blind beggars in London, and productive of the same disagreeable effect upon the spirits. In short, I was not an hour in Cologne, when those circumstances, conspiring with the insupportable melancholy of my mind, made me wish myself out of it.

Nevertheless, Cologne is a fine city; and if it be any satisfaction to you to spin those fine imaginary ligaments that, in the brain of the book-worm, connect the ancient and modern world, I will inform you, that it was anciently called *Colonia Agrippina*, because AGRIPPINA, the mother of NERO, was born there, and honoured it with a Roman colony, because it was her birth-place. The mind, forced back to that period, and contemplating the mischiefs of that monster NERO, cannot help wishing that Cologne had been burnt the night of her birth, and Miss AGRIPPINA buried in the ruins, ere she had lived to give birth to that scourge of the world.

Although the established religion here be the Roman Catholic, extraordinary as it may appear, they are very jealous of power; and though the elector, by his officers, administers justice in all criminal causes, they will not permit him, in person, to reside above three days at a time in the city, nor to bring a great train with him when he visits it; for this reason he commonly resides at Bonne.

Cologne has a very considerable trade, particularly in Rhenish wine; and its gin is reckoned the best in the world, and bears a higher price than any other in all the nations of Europe.

Like all great Roman Catholic cities, it has a profusion of churches, crosses, miracles, saints, and church trinkets; and I really think it has more steeples and bells than any two cities in Germany. As Liege was called the Paradise of Priests, this ought to be called the Golgotha of Skulls and Skull-caps. In the church

of

of Saint URSULA, they shew, or pretend at least to shew, the bones of eleven thousand virgin martyrs. The skulls of some of those imaginary virgins are in silver cases, and others in skull-caps, of cloth, of gold, and velvet. And in the church of Saint GERION, are no less than nine hundred heads of Moorish cavaliers, of the army of the Emperor CONSTANTINE, (previous to that saint's conversion to Christianity), who they say was beheaded for refusing to sacrifice to idols: by the bye, the Popish divines burn, instead of beheading, for not sacrificing to idols—Every one of those heads, however, has a cap of scarlet, adorned with pearls. The whole forms a spectacle, no doubt, equally agreeable and edifying. It struck me, however, as an extremely ludicrous sight, malgre the solemnity of so many death's heads: and when their story was recounted, I could not help internally chuckling, and saying (rather punningly, to be sure), "Ah! what *blackheads* ye must have been, to suffer yourselves to be separated from your snug warm bodies, rather than drop down and worship an idol, in which so many good Christian divines have shewn you an example!" This, you will conclude, I said to myself: an avowal of my sentiments in that place might have given my head a title to a scarlet cap and pearls; and as I had some further use for it, I did not think it expedient to leave it behind me in the church of Saint GERION—so, very prudently, kept my mind to myself.

Coming out of the church, a multitude of beggars, all in canonicals, or student's habits, surrounded, beseeching me for alms—one, pour l'amour de DIEU; another, pour l'amour de la Sainte Vierge; a third, pour le salut de notre Redempteur; a fourth, pour l'amour de Saint GERION; and so on!

When I had gone as far as I wished in donations, another attacked me: though I told him my charity-
bank

bank was exhausted, he persevered, and was uncommonly solicitous—till at length, having exhausted the whole catalogue of saints that are to be found in the calendar, he raised his voice from the miserable whine of petition, and exclaimed with great energy, “*Par les neuf cent tetes des Cavaliers Maures qui sont sanctifies au Ciel, je vous conjure de me faire l’aumone!*” This was too formidable an appeal to be slighted; and so, in homage to the skulls and red caps, I put my hand in my pocket, and stopped his clamours.

Those miserable modes of peculation are the most pardonable of any produced by the church: we have no right to regret a trifle sacrificed at the shrine of compassion, even when that compassion is mistaken; but our reason revolts at imposition, when it calls coercion to its aid, and assumes the name of right.

Without any national predilection, which you know I am above, I think our church affairs in Scotland are arranged upon a better system than any other that I know of: hence their clergy are in general examples worthy of imitation, for learning, piety, and moral conduct.

LETTER XVIII.

LABOURED investigations to establish connections between the history of the ancient and business of the modern world, and virulent disputes about trifles of antiquity, such as in what year this place was built, or that great man was born, when and where

where JULIUS CÆSAR landed in England, whether he passed this road or that, what route HANNIBAL took over the Alps, and such like, are so essentially uninteresting, useless, and unimportant, so unprofitable, and, one would think, so painful too, that it is wonderful how so many men of great learning have been unwise enough to employ their lives in the research.

It does not follow, however, that when information that tends to recall to our minds the great men of antiquity is presented to us, we should reject it. A man of classical taste and education feels a delight in those little memorials of what gave him pleasure in his youth. I know a gentleman, who, being at Seville, in Spain, travelled to Cordova, for no other purpose but to see the town where LUCAN and SENECA were born: and I dare say, that if you were at Cologne, you would be much pleased to see the town-house, a great Gothic building, which contains a variety of ancient inscriptions; the first to commemorate the kindness of JULIUS CÆSAR to the Ubii, who inhabited this place, and of whom you have found mention made by him in his Commentaries, and also his building two wooden bridges over the Rhine: a second commemorates AUGUSTUS sending a colony here. There is also a cross-bow of whalebone, twelve feet long, eight broad, and four inches thick, which they who speak of it conjecture to have belonged to the Emperor MAXIMIN. There are also some Roman inscriptions in the arsenal, the import of which I now forget.

It is very extraordinary, but certainly a fact, that there are, about Cologne, families yet existing, who indulge the senseless ambition of pretending to be descended from the ancient Romans, and who actually produce their genealogies, carried down from the first time this city was made a colony of the Roman empire. Of all kinds of vanity, this is perhaps the most

extravagant : for, if antiquity merely be the object, all are equally high, since all must have originated from the same stock ; and if it be the pride of belonging to a particular family who were distinguished for valour or virtue, a claim which often only serves to prove the degeneracy of the claimant, it could not apply in the case of a whole people : but this is among the frailties of humanity ; and we are often so dazzled with the splendour of terrestrial glory, that we endeavour to be allied to it even by the most remote and ridiculous connections. I heard of a man, whose pride and boast, when drunk, was, that Dean SWIFT had once thrown his mother's oysters (she was an oyster-wench) about the street, and then gave her half a crown as an atonement for the injury. On the strength of this affinity did he call the Dean nothing but *Cousin Jonathan*, though the Dean was dead before he was born !

But of all the stories I have ever heard as illustrative of this strange ambition, that which the late Lord ANSON has left us is the most striking. When that great man was travelling in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the island of Tenedos : his pilot, a modern Greek, pointing to a bay as they sailed along, exclaimed in great triumph, " There, ay, there it was that our fleet lay."—" What fleet ?" interrogated ANSON—" Why, our Grecian fleet, at the siege of Troy," returned the pilot.

While those doughty descendants of the ancient Romans indulge the cheerless idea of their great and illustrious line of ancient ancestry, the prince who rules them felicitates himself with the more substantial dignities and emoluments of his modern offices. As elector and archbishop of Cologne, he has dominion over a large, fruitful, and opulent country : he is the most powerful of the ecclesiastical electors : he has many suffragan princes, lay and spiritual, under him ;

and

and he is archchancellor of the Holy Roman Empire. The revenues of his archbishopric amount annually to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds Sterling; and as elector, he is possessed of several other great benefices. I presume, because he is a prince, that he is a man of sense; and, I will venture to say, that, as such, he would not barter those good things for the power to demonstrate that LUCRETIA was his aunt, BRUTUS his grandfather, and the great JULIUS CÆSAR himself his cousin-german.

CHRIST chose his disciples out of fishermen. The Chapter of Cologne is, perhaps, on the contrary, the very most aristocratic body existing, being composed of forty canons, who are princes or counts of the empire—Of those, twenty-five choose the archbishop, and may advance one of their own body to that great and wealthy dignity, if they please.

From Cologne I proceeded to the town of Bonne, which is said to take its name from the pleasantness of its situation. Here the elector resides, and has a very fine palace. The country around is extremely fruitful and pleasant, and is blessed with most of the good things which render the rich magnificent and happy, and remind the poor of their inferiority and wretchedness—particularly wine, which is here remarkably excellent. It contains churches, priests, convents, cloisters, &c.; but I need not mention them—what place could exist without them?

I should not forget to tell you, that, at this place, JULIUS CÆSAR built one of his bridges across the Rhine—works which would have handed down to posterity the name of a common man, for the magnitude of the structure and ingenuity of the contrivance, but are lost in the crowd of astonishing talents which distinguished that brightest of mortals. The greatest biographer of antiquity says of him, that he was as great a general as HANNIBAL, as great an orator as CICERO,

CICERO, and as great a politician as AUGUSTUS; but it might be added, that he was among the first poets of his day—that he was of the first mechanical genius, and the finest gentleman, in Rome.

Nature seems to have formed, in CÆSAR, a compendious union of all human talents, as if to demonstrate how unavailing they were when opposed to strict rigid honesty and virtue in the character of BRUTUS.

To go from Bonne to Frankfort, there are two ways—one over the mountains of Wetterania, the other up the river Rhine. I made no hesitation to adopt the latter, and was rewarded for my choice with the view of as fine a country, inhabited by as fine a race of people, as I had ever seen. Valleys filled with herds, plains enamelled with corn-fields, and the hills covered with vineyards, regaled the eye, and conveyed to the mind all the felicitating ideas of plenty, natural opulence, and true prosperity. My anxiety, however, to get forward, and disengage myself from a species of solitude in a country where, though travelling is cheap, accommodations of most kinds in the public houses are bad, induced me to push on, without taking the time necessary for making accurate observations on the country as I passed; so that, gliding, as it were, imperceptibly, through a number of towns, of which I recollect nothing distinctly but the names of Coblentz and Mentz, I arrived at the great, free, and imperial city of Frankfort on the Maine.

Here I shall stop, for a short time, my relation, in order to give you time for just reflection and examination of what I have already written: and as, in the latter part of it, I have skimmed very lightly over the country, I desire that you will supply the deficiency of my information by close research in books; inform yourself of the great outlines of the Germanic Constitution; look back to its origin, its progress,

progress, and its establishment ; thence proceed to the distinct parts, or inferior states, of which it is composed ; ponder them all well ; and from those draw your own inferences, and let me hear what they are with freedom : should they be wrong, I will endeavour to set them right ; but should they be right, they will afford me the most lively satisfaction ; for they will serve to correct one of the greatest errors under which youth labours—an overweening, sanguine imagination, that things in this life are, or at least can be modelled into perfection ; whereas experience, and a just observation of the history of mankind, will shew, that on this ball things will never be as they ought, but must remain as they are—imperfect.

LETTER XIX.

THE country about Frankfort is delightful, rich and fruitful, and watered by the beautiful river Maine, which divides the city into two parts, that on the north being called Frankfort, and that on the south, Saxenhausen, from the Saxons, who are supposed to have been the founders of it. The city itself is large, populous, and rich, and distinguished for being the place where the emperor and king of the Romans is elected—though, by the appointment of CHARLEMAGNE, Cologne has a superior claim to that honour. The magistrates, and great part of the inhabitants, are Lutherans or Calvinists ; notwithstanding which, most of the churches are in the hands of the

the Roman Catholics—a laudable instance of the true tolerant spirit of a wise and virtuous institution, and a heavy reflection upon, as well as a noble example to the Popish Powers of Europe.

The tetrityory belonging to Frankfort is of very considerable extent; and the trade carried on through it, by means of the rivers Rhine and Maine, of very great importance, not only to the country itself, but to other commercial nations, and particularly to Great Britain, whose manufactures are sent to Frankfort, and thence circulated through the Continent, in amazing quantities.

The fairs of Frankfort are talked of all over Europe—of such importance are they in the world of commerce. They are held, one at Easter, and another in September, and continue for three weeks, during which time the resort of people there from all quarters is astonishing. Every thing is done by the government to render them as attractive to merchants as possible; and taxes or duties are extremely low—a bale of the value of ten or twenty thousand crowns paying duty only about ten or eleven pence of our money. All commodities from all parts of the world are sold there, and circulated through the empire; but, particularly, books are sold in prodigious quantities. After the fairs are over, the shops of the foreign merchants are shut up, and their names written over their doors.

To give an idea of the great importance these fairs are to commerce, I need only mention, that in the present war, the impediments thrown by the French in the way of the transit of goods up the Rhine, and the shutting up that fair, gave a most alarming paralysis to the manufacturing establishments of England, and a shock to public credit in consequence, that would, but for the timely interference of Parliament, have, in all probability, been fatal to the national credit.

Frankfort is in many respects a pleasant place: the merchants are extremely convivial and sociable, and form clubs, where they meet to drink tea and coffee, and play at cards. There is a playhouse also, a great number of coffee-houses, and other houses of entertainment in abundance. The country around is covered with woods and vineyards; and the circumjacent villages are very pleasant, and well supplied with houses of entertainment, to which the inhabitants of the city resort in the Summer season; and the inns in Frankfort are excellent.

A singular custom prevails here, which I think worth mentioning: Taverns are denoted by pine-trees planted before the doors of them; and the different prices of the wines in their cellars are marked in ciphers on the door-posts.

In the town here is presented the original Golden Bull, or Pope's Authority, which contains the rules and orders to be observed at the election of the Emperors. The Golden Bull is never shown to strangers but in the presence of two of the council and the secretary—It is a little manuscript in quarto, consisting of forty-two leaves of parchment, with a gold seal of three inches diameter, of the value of twenty ducats, hung to it by a cord of yellow silk. It is said to be written in Latin and Gothic characters, without diphthongs; and kept in a black box together with two written translations of it into the German language.

It is said of Frankfort, that the Roman Catholics possess the churches, the Lutherans the dignities, and the Calvinists the riches. It is therefore one of the few places in Christendom where the churches and the riches do not go into the same hands.

From Frankfort to Augsburgh, I passed through a number of towns, all of them so very inconsiderable as not to merit any particular description. The way

lies from the Palatinate though the Circle of Suabia. In the extreme end of the Palatinate, and immediately before entering the Dutchy of Wirtemberg, the country is covered with fir-trees, and money is so scarce in it, that a loaf of wheaten bread, weighing eight pounds, costs but two pence.

This city of Augsburgh is the capital of a bishopric of that name in the Circle of Suabia, and is worthy of the attention of the classical traveller for its antiquity. About twelve years before the birth of CHRIST, AUGUSTUS CÆSAR subdued all this country, and, on the place where Augsburgh now stands, formed a colony, gave the town the name of Augusta Vindelicorum, and put it under the government of DRUSUS the brother of TIBERIUS, afterwards emperor of Rome. The inhabitants of this place were the Vindelici, a branch of the Illyrians. But, ancient though it be, it has little more of antiquity to entitle it to notice than the bare name; for it has been pillaged so often, particularly by that monster ATILIA, that there are scarcely any remains of its antiquity to be found.

Augsburgh, is now, however a handsome city—the public buildings in general magnificent, and adorned with fountains, water engines of a curious construction, and statues.

The most rich and splendid part of the town belongs to a family of the name of FUGGERS (originally descended from a weaver), who enriched themselves by commerce, and one of whom rendered not only himself, but the whole family, conspicuous, by entertaining the emperor CHARLES the Fifth in a superb manner, and supplying him with money, and then throwing his bond into the fire; in return for which, the emperor, made him a count of the empire.

This city is remarkable for goldsmiths' ware; and its mechanics are equal to any in the world, for works
in

in gold, ivory, clocks, and time-pieces; and they engrave better than any people in Germany, which brings them considerable profits. But what they are, above all other people, eminent for, is the manufacturing steel-chains so prodigiously fine, that when one of them, of a span in length, has been put about the neck of a flea, it lifts up the whole of it as it leaps; and yet those are sold for less than a shilling of our money a piece.

Controversy, and difference in religious opinions, which has almost, ever since the commencement of Christianity, disgraced the human understanding, and defaced society, imposes upon the liberal, well-thinking traveller, the office of satirist but too often. Augsburgh, however, is a splendid exception, and holds up a most glorious spectacle of manly sense, generous sentiment, justice, and I will say policy too, vanquishing that shark-jawed enemy of mankind, bigotry. The magistracy of Augsburgh is composed of about an equal number of Protestants and Roman Catholics—their senate consisting of twenty-three Roman Catholics and twenty-two Lutherans, and their common Council of a hundred and fifty of each: The executive power is lodged in the senate—the legislative authority in both bodies. But, what is hardly to be found any where, they all, as well as the people, agree together in the most perfect harmony, notwithstanding the difference of religion; and at all tables but the communion table, they associate together, dip in the same dish, and drink of the same cup, as if they had never heard of the odious distinction of Papist and Protestant, but as being bound to each other by the great and irrefragable bond of humanity: fellow-creatures, affected by the same feelings, impelled by the same passions, labouring under the same necessities, and heirs to the same sufferings, their means of assuaging the one, gratifying or resisting another, and supplying the third, are the same,

though chequered and varied a little in the mode—the road alone different, the ends alike. Is it not cruel, then—is it not intolerable, that the calamities inseparable from humanity should be aggravated with artificial stings, and the nakedness of human nature exposed, and rendered more offensive, by factitious calamities of human contrivance? Cursed were those who first fomented those disputes, and cast those apples of discord through the world: blind were they who first were seduced from the paths of peace by them; and more cursed, and more blind, must they be, who, in this time of intellect and illumination, continue on the one hand, to keep up a system so wicked and so detestable, or, on the other, to submit to error at once so foolish and so fatal.

LETTER XX.

FOR the reasons mentioned in my last, Augsburgh is a most agreeable place to live in. Touched with the sensations natural to a man who loved to see his fellow-creatures happy, my heart expanded to a system of peace and harmony, comprehending the whole globe: my mind expatiated involuntarily on the blessings and advantages derived from such a system; and, taking flight from the bounds of practicability, to which our feeble nature is pinned on this earth, into the regions of fancy, had reared a fabric of Utopian mold, which, I verily believe, exceeded in extravagance the works of all the Utopian architects that ever constructed castles in the air.

Hurried on by this delightful vision, my person paid an involuntary obedience to my mind ; and the quickness of my pace increasing with the impetuosity of my thoughts, I found myself, before I was aware of it, within the chapel-door of the convent of the Carmelites. Observing my error, I suddenly turned about, in order to depart, when a friar, a goodly person of a man, elderly, and of a benign aspect, called me, and, advancing towards me, asked, in terms of politeness, and in the French language, why I was retreating so abruptly—I was confused : but truth is the enemy before whom confusion ever flies ; and I told him the whole of my mistake, and the thoughts from which they arose.

The good father, waving further discourse on the subject, but with a smile which I thought carried a mixture of benevolence for myself, and contempt for my ideas, brought me through the church, and shewed me all the curiosities of the place, and particularly pointed out to me, as a great curiosity, a sun-dial made in the form of a Madonna, the head enriched with rays and stars, and in the hand a sceptre which marked the hours.

Quitting the chapel, and going towards the refectory, the friar stood, and, looking at me with a smile of gaiety, said, “ I have yet something to shew you, which, while lady Madonna marks the time, will help us to pass it ; and, as it will make its way with more force and subtlety to your senses than those I have yet shewn you, will be likely to be longer retained in remembrance.

He spoke a few words in German, which of course I did not understand, to a vision bearing the shape of a human creature, who, I understood, was a lay-brother ; and, turning down a long alley, brought me to his cell, where we were soon followed by the aforesaid lay-brother, with a large earthen jug of liquor.

two glasses, and a plate with some delicately white biscuit.

“ You must know,” said the friar, “ that the convent of Carmelites at Augsburgh has for ages been famed for beer unequalled in any part of the world; and I have brought you here to have your opinion—for, being an Englishman, you must be a judge, the Britons being famed for luxury, and a perfect knowledge of the *savoir vivre*.” He poured out, and drank to me: it looked liker the clearest Champaigne than beer—I never tasted any thing to equal it; and he seemed highly gratified by my expressions of praise, which I lavished upon it, as well from politeness, as regard to truth.

After we had drank a glass each, “ I have been reflecting,” said the friar, “ on the singular flight of fancy that directed your steps into this convent—Your mind was diseased, my son! and a propitious superintending Power has guided your steps to a physician, if you will but have the goodness to take the medicine he offers.”

I stared with visible marks of astonishment.

“ You are surprised,” continued he; “ but you shall hear! When first you disclosed to me those sickly flights of your mind, I could on the instant have answered them: but you are young—you are an Englishman—two characters impatient of reproof: the dogmas of a priest, I thought therefore, would be sufficiently difficult to be digested of themselves, without any additional distaste caught from the chilling austerity of a chapel!”

I looked unintentionally at the earthen jug, and smiled.

“ It is very true,” said he, catching my very inmost thoughts from the expression of my countenance—“ it is very true! good doctrine may, at certain times, and with certain persons, be more effectually enforced

enforced under the cheering influence of the social board, than by the authoritative declamation and formal sanctity of the pulpit ; nor am I, though a Carmelite, one of those who pretend to think, that a thing in itself good, can be made bad by decent hilarity, and the animation produced by a moderate and wise use of the goods of this earth."

I was astonished—

"You fell into a reverie," continued he, "produced by a contemplation of the happiness of a society existing without any difference, and where no human breath should be wasted on a sigh, no ear tortured with a groan, no tears to trickle, no griefs or calamities to wring the heart."

"Yes, father!" said I, catching the idea with my former enthusiasm ; "that would be my wish—that my greatest, first desire."

"Then see'st thou," interrupted he, "the extent of thy wish, suppose you could realize it, which, thank God! you cannot."

"What! thank God that I cannot? are these your thoughts?"

"Yes, my son; and ere Madonna marks the progress of ten minutes with her sceptre, they will be your's too."

"Impossible!"

"Hear me, my son!—Is not death a horrible precipice to the view of human creatures?"

"Assuredly," said I—"the most horrible: human laws declare that, by resorting to it for punishment, as the ultimatum of all terrible inflictions."

"When, then," said he, "covered as we are with misery, to leave this world is so insupportable to the human reflection, what must it be if we had nothing but joy and felicity to taste of in this life? Mark me, child!" said he, with an animated zeal that gave an expression to his countenance beyond any thing I had

ever seen: "the miseries, the calamities, the heart-rendings, and the tears, which are so intimately interwoven by the great artist in our natures as not to be separated in a single instance, are in the first place our security of a future state, and in the next place serve to slope the way before us, and, by gradual operation, fit our minds for viewing, with some sort of fortitude, that hideous chasm that lies between us and that state—death. View those miseries, then, as special acts of mercy and commiseration of a beneficent Creator, who, with every calamity, melts away a link of that earthly chain that fetters our wishes to this dismal world. Accept his blessings and his goods, when he sends them, with gratitude and enjoyment: receive his afflictions, too, with as joyous acceptance, and as hearty gratitude. Thus, and not otherwise, you will realize all your Utopian flights of desire, by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with dispensations which you cannot alter, and, if you could, would most certainly alter for the worse."

I sat absorbed in reflection—The friar, after some pause, proceeded—

"Errors arising from virtuous dispositions and the love of our fellow-creatures, take their complexion from their parent motives, and are virtuous. Your wishes, therefore, my son! though erroneous, merit reward, and, I trust, will receive it from that Being who sees the recesses of the heart; and if the truths I have told you have not failed to make their way to your understanding, let your adventure of to-day impress this undeniable maxim on your mind—so limited is man, so imperfect in his nature, that the extent of his virtue borders on vice, and the extent of his wisdom on error."

I thought he was inspired; and, just as he got to the last period, every organ of mine was opened to take in his words.

" 'Tis well, my son !" said he—" I perceive you like my doctrine : then " changing his manner of speaking, his expressive countenance the whole time almost anticipating his whole words, " take some more of it," said he gaily, pouring out a fresh glass. I pleaded the fear of inebriety—" Fear not," said he ; " the beer of this convent never hurts the intellect."

Our conversation continued till near dinner-time ; for I was so delighted, I scarcely knew how to snatch myself away : such a happy melange of piety and pleasantry, grave wisdom and humour, I had never met. At length, the convent-bell tolling, I rose : he took me by the hand, and, in a tone of the most complacent admonition, said, " Remember, my child ! as long as you live, remember the convent of the Carmelites ; and in the innumerable evils that certainly await you if you are to live long, the words you have heard from old Friar AUGUSTINE will afford you comfort."

" Father !" returned I, " be assured I carry away from you a token that will never suffer me to forget the hospitality, the advice, or the politeness of the good father AUGUSTINE. Poor as I am in natural means, I can make no other return than my good wishes, nor leave any impression behind me : but as my esteem for you, and perhaps my vanity, make me wish not to be forgotten, accept this, (a seal ring, with a device in hair, which I happened to have on my finger) ; and whenever you look at it, let it remind you of one of those, I dare say innumerable, instances, in which you have contributed to the happiness and improvement of your fellow-creatures."

The good old man was affected, took the ring, and attended me to the convent gate, pronouncing many blessings, and charging me to make Augsburgh my way back again to England if possible, and take one glass more of the convent ale.

LETTER XXI.

LEAVING Augsburgh, I travelled through Bavaria a long way before I reached the Tyrol Country, of the natural beauty of which I had heard much, and which I therefore entered with great expectations of that sublime gratification the beauties of nature never fail to afford me. I was not disappointed; indeed, my warmest expectations were exceeded.

The first thing that strikes a traveller from Bavaria, on entering it, is the fort of Cherink, built between two inaccessible rocks which separate Tyrol from the bishopric of Freisingen. So amply has nature provided for the security of this country against the incursion of an enemy, that there is not a pass which leads to it that it is not through some narrow defile between mountains almost inaccessible; and on the rocks and brows of those passes, the emperor has constructed forts and citadels, so advantageously placed, that they command all the valleys and avenues beneath.

After a variety of windings and turnings through mountains of stupendous height and awful aspect, I began to descend, and entered the most delightful valley I had ever beheld—deep, long, and above a mile in breadth—surrounded with enormous piles of mountains, and diversified with the alternate beauties of nature and cultivation, so as to form an union rarely to be met with, and delight at once the eye of the farmer, and the fancy of him that has a true taste for
rural

rural wildness. From the heights in descending, the whole appeared in all its glory; the beautiful river Inn gliding along through it longitudinally, its banks studded with the most romantic little villages, while a number of inferior streams were seen winding in different courses, and hastening to pour their tribute into its bosom.

Here I felt my heart overwhelmed with sensations of transport, which all the works of art could never inspire: here nature rushed irresistible upon my senses, and, making them captive, exacted their acknowledgment of her supremacy: here vanity, ambition, lust of fame and power, and all the tinsel, gaudy frippery to which habit and worldly custom enslave the mind, retired, to make way for sentiments of harmony, purity, simplicity, and truth: here Providence seemed to speak in language most persuasive, "Come silly man, leave the wild tumult, the endless struggle, the glittering follies, the false and spurious pleasures which artifice creates, to seduce you from the true—dwell here, and in the lap of nature study me:" Here, oh! here, exclaimed I, in a transport which bereft me, for the time, of every other consideration, here will I dwell for ever. The charm was too finely spun, to withstand the hard tugs of fact; and all its precious delusions vanished before a host of gloomy truths—deranged affairs—family far off, with the distance daily increasing—the hazards and the hardships of a long untried journey—and the East Indies, with all its horrors, in the rear. I hung my head in sorrow; and, offering up a prayer to protect my family, strengthen myself, and bring us once more together in some spot heavenly as that I passed through, was proceeding on in a state of dejection proportionate to my previous transports, when I was roused by my postillion, who, pointing to a very high, steep rock, desired me to take notice of it. I did so;

but

but seeing nothing very remarkable in its appearance, asked him what he meant by directing my attention to it—He answered me in the following manner, which, from the singularity of the narrative, and his strange mode of telling it, I think it would injure to take out of his own words: I will, therefore, endeavour, as well as I can, to give you a literal translation of it; and, indeed, the impression it made on my memory was such, that, I apprehend, I shall not materially differ from his words:

“ You must know, Sir, (for every one in the world knows it), that all these mountains around us, are the abodes of good and evil spirits, or genii—the latter of whom are continually doing every malicious thing they can devise, to injure the people of the country,—such as leading them astray—smothering them in the snow—killing the cattle by throwing them down precipices—nay, when they can do no worse, drying up the milk in the udders of the goats—and, sometimes, putting between young men and their sweet-hearts, and stopping their marriage. Ten thousand curses light upon them! I should have been married two years ago, and had two children to-day, but for their schemes. In short, Sir, if it were not for the others—the good ones—who are always employed (and the blessed Virgin knows they have enough on their hands) in preventing the mischiefs of those devils, the whole place would be destroyed, and the country left without a living thing, man or goat!”

Here I could not, for the life of me, retain my gravity any longer, but burst, in spite of me, into an immoderate fit of laughter, which so disconcerted and offended him, that he sullenly refused to proceed with the story and farther, but continued marking his forehead (his hat off) with a thousand crosses, uttering pious ejaculations, looking at me with a mixture of terror, distrust, and admiration and every now and then glancing

glancing his eye askance toward the hills, as if fearful of a descent from the evil spirits.

My curiosity was awakened by the very extraordinary commencement of his narrative ; and I determined, if possible, to hear it out : so, assuring him that I meant nothing either of slight or wickedness by my laughter—that I had too serious ideas of such things to treat them with levity—and, what was more convincing logic with him, promising to reward him for it—he proceeded with his story as follows :

“ Well, Sir, you say you were not sporting with those spirits—and fortunate it is for you : at all events, Saint JOHN of GOD be our guide, and bring us safe to Innspruck. Just so the great MAXIMILIAN was wont to laugh at them ; and you shall hear how he was punished for it—and that was the story I was about to tell you. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN, that glory of the world, (he is now in the lap of the blessed Virgin in Paradise), once on a time, before he was emperor, that is to say, when he was archduke, was always laughing at the country people’s fears of those spirits—and an old father of the church forewarned him to beware, lest he should suffer for his rashness : so one day he went out hunting, and at the foot of that mountain a most beautiful chamois started before him ; he shot at it, and missed it—(the first shot he had missed for many years, which you know was warning enough to him)—however, he followed, shooting at and missing it, the animal standing every now and then till he came up within shot of it : thus he continued till near night, when the goat disappeared of a sudden, and he found himself buried, as it were, in the bowels of the mountain : he endeavoured to find his way out, but in vain ; every step he took led him more astray, and he was for two days wandering about, CHRIST save us ! in the frightful hollows of those mountains, living all the time on wild berries :

on the second night he bethought himself of his want of faith, and of the saying of old Father JEROME; and he fell on his knees, and wept and prayed all night; and the Virgin heard his prayers, he being a good man, and, above all, an emperor—God bless you and me! we should have perished—In the morning a beautiful young man, dressed in a peasant's habit, came up to him, gave him victuals and wine, and desired him to follow him, which he did, you may be sure, joyfully—but, Oh blessed Virgin! think what his surprise must have been, when, getting again into the plain out of the mountain, the young man disappeared and vanished all of a sudden, just at the foot of that steep rock which I shewed you, and which ever since goes by the name of the emperor's rock—You see what a dangerous place it is, and what dangerous spirits they must be that would not spare even the holy Roman emperor. In my mind, the best way is to say nothing against those things, as some faithless people do, and to worship the Virgin and keep a good conscience, and then one will have the less to fear.”

By the time he had ended his narrative, we were in sight of Innspruck, when I annoyed and terrified him afresh, by laughing immoderately at the end of his story—but atoned in some measure for it, by giving him half a florin.

On inquiring at Innspruck, I found that MAXIMILIAN had actually lost his way in the mountain, and had been conducted out of it by a peasant, who left him suddenly; the rest was an exaggerated traditionary tale, arising from the superstitious fears of the country people.

LETTER XXII.

IN all nations under Heaven, and at all times since the creation there have been men formed to make a noise in the world—to increase or impede, to direct or disturb, the calm, sober progress of social life—and, in the eagerness and violence of their efforts to reach the goal of superiority, overturn or thrust out of their ordinary path the rest of mankind, till either they provoke against them a general conspiracy of their fellow-creatures, or, till reaching the point of their pursuit, they become elevated objects of homage and admiration. Such men are generally composed of great materials for mischief:—having strong natural talents and violent ungovernable spirits; according to the direction these get, they are harmless or mischievous—but, like morbid matter in the animal system, if not let loose by some channel or other, they never fail to disturb the whole economy of the body they belong to, and produce fatal consequences to it and to themselves: Colonial possessions have, therefore, in some views, been of use (as America formerly to England) to draw off those dangerous spirits, who, though they are in times of peace better at a distance, in times of war are found to be the toughest sinews of a nation.

The country of Tyrol, such as I have described it, formed by nature for the residence of the Sylvan deities, rich in the products of the earth, the people contented and happy, and the whole the region of peace; manufactures, the first root of low vices, and commerce, the
great

great instigator of war, have scarcely been able to set their feet there : hence it happens, that there is no channel through which those exuberant spirits I have alluded to can take their course, or expand their force. Home, therefore, is no place for those of the Tyrolese, who are cursed or blessed (call it which you please) with those very combustible qualities ; and they are obliged to roam abroad in search of opportunities of distinguishing themselves, giving vent to their spirits, and manifesting their talents. They are found, therefore, scattered all over the Continent : and as it rarely happens that opportunities occur in life of signalising such talents in a dignified line, rather than be idle they do what they can, and apply to chicanery as a wide and appropriate field for their genius and vigour to work on—the emigrant Tyrolese are, therefore, by most nations of the continent, reckoned among the most expert and accomplished sharpers in the world—the people, however, who remain at home, are of a different character—they are, generally speaking, tall, robust, and vigorous ; the women strong, and very fair ; and both sexes exhibit a very pleasing mixture of German phlegm and Italian sprightliness ; or, to speak more properly, they are a mean between those two extremes.

Innsbruck, though a small city, is handsome and agreeable, standing in a very beautiful valley, surrounded with mountains, which, while their lower parts are well cultivated, are capped on the tops with perennial snow. The castle formerly the residence of the Austrian princes is stately and magnificent, adorned within with fine paintings, and decorated without by natural and artificial fountains, statues, pleasant gardens, groves, walks, and covered galleries, leading to five different churches.

A-propos—Let me not forget the churches ! In a chapel of the Franciscan church, there is an image of

the Virgin MARY as big as the life, of solid silver, with many other images of saints of the same metal, If some of those silver deities were transferred to Paris, I fear their divinity would not save them from the hands of the sacrilegious Convention. One thing, however, is well worth the attention of travellers, particularly those who wish to wipe away the sins of a deceased friend, and get them a direct passport to happiness—This Franciscan church is held to be one of the most sacred and venerable in the world, on account of the indulgences granted to it by several popes; so that one single mass said in it, is declared to be sufficient to deliver a soul from the pains of purgatory. When we consider the great and important extent of their power in that respect, we cannot wonder if they had all the saints in the calendar, and the Virgin MARY to boot, in solid silver, even of the size of the Colossus at Rhodes.

Hall, the second city in Tyrol, lies one league from Innspruck: it is famous for its salt-works, and for a mint and silver mines, in which seven thousand men, women, and children, are constantly employed.

At a royal palace and castle called Ombras, lying at equal distance from Innspruck and Hall, there is an arsenal, famous for a prodigious collection of curiosities, such as medals, precious stones, suits of armour, and statues of several princes on horseback, in their old rich fighting accoutrements; besides great variety of military spoils and trophies taken by the House of Austria; in particular, a statue of FRANCIS the First and his horse, just as they were taken at the battle of Pavia, and two others of Turkish bashaws, with the costly habits and appointments with which they were taken, embellished with gold, silver, and precious stones. But, above all their curiosities, the most extraordinary is an oak inclosing the body of a deer: this last, however unaccountable, is fact;

and equals, I think, any of the wonders in the metamorphoses of OVID.

Leaving Innspruck, I proceeded on my journey, and soon entered into the mountains, which are there of a terrible height—I was the best part of a day ascending them : as I got near the top, I was shewn, by my driver, the spot where FERDINAND, king of Hungary, and the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, met, when he returned from Africa, in the year 1520. It is marked with an inscription to that effect, and has grown into a little village, which, from that circumstance, bears the name of the Salutation.

Although this mountain, called Bremenberg (or Burning-hill), is covered with snow for nine months in the year, it is inhabited to the very top, and produces corn and hay in abundance : at the highest part there is a post-house, a tavern, and a chapel, where the traveller is accommodated with fresh horses, provisions, and, if he chooses, a mouthful of prayers—I availed myself of the two first ; but the latter being not altogether in my way, I declined it, for which I could perceive that I was, by every mouth and eye in the place, consigned to perdition as a heretic.

Just at this spot there is a spring of water which falls upon a rock, and divides into two currents, which, at a very small distance, assume the appearance, and, in fact, the magnitude too, of very large rivers. The mountain is sometimes difficult to pass, sometimes absolutely impracticable—I was fortunate, however, in this respect ; for I got over it without any very extraordinary delay, and on my way was regaled with the most delicious venison that I have ever tasted in my life ; it was said to be the flesh of a kind of goat.

Although it is but thirty-five miles from Innspruck to Brisen, it was late when I reached the latter ; and as it contained nothing worth either the trouble or
delay

delay attending the search of it, I set out the next morning, and, travelling with high mountains on one side, and a river all along upon the other, arrived at a town called Bolfano, in the bishopric of Trent. The country all along was thickly inhabited, and the mountains perfectly cultivated and manured even to their highest tops. On entering the valley of Bolfano, I found the air becoming obviously sweet, delightful, and temperate; the vineyards, and all the trees and shrubs, olives, mulberries, willows, and roses, &c. all of the most lively green, and every thing marking the most luxuriant vegetation.

Bolfano is a small, but extremely neat and pleasant town—but nothing I saw about it pleased me so much as their vineyards, which are planted in long terraces along the sides of the hills, and are formed into the most beautiful harbours, one row above another.

From Bolfano to Trent, is fifty-one miles, a good day's journey: almost the whole of it lies through the valley of Bolfano, a most fruitful and pleasant—indeed, delightful road, which made the day's journey appear to me much shorter than it really was.

Perhaps no part of the habitable globe is, within the same comparatively small compass of earth, so wonderfully diversified by the hand of nature in all her extremes, as that through which I have just carried you. There, under almost the same glance of the eye, were to be seen the stupendous, the rugged, the savage, and the inaccessible—the mild, the fruitful, and the cultivated. Here, the mountain capped with perpetual snow, gradually falling in blended gradations of shade, far beyond the reach of the artist's pencil, into the green luxuriant valley; and there, the vineyard, the olivary, and the rich corn-field, bursting at once from rugged rocks and inaccessible fastnesses: the churlish aspect of the tyrant winter for ever prowling on the mountain's head above—perpetual
spring

spring smiling with all her fascinating charms in the plains below. Such scenes as these would baffle all efforts of the poet's pen or painter's pencil : to be conceived, they must be seen. I shall therefore close my account of them with a strong recommendation to you, that whenever you travel for improvement, you go through the Country of Tyrol, and there learn the great and marvellous working of nature.

LETTER XXIII.

PERHAPS the learned unwise men of the world, who spend their lives poring after impossibilities, have never met with a more copious subject of puzzle-pated enjoyment than the derivation of the names of places. In all disputed cases on this subject, the utmost within human reach is conjecture ; but the joke of it is, that, fortunately for mankind, the certainty of it would not be of a single button advantage to them, even if it could be acquired by their search. Doctor GOLDSMITH, in his *Citizen of the World*, has thrown this matter into high ridicule ; and I recommend it to your perusal, lest this shadow of literature should one day wheedle you from more respectable pursuits. Trent has afforded vast exercise to book-worm conjectures in this way ; for, while some pronounce it to be derived from Tridentum, and for this purpose will have it that NEPTUNE was worshipped there, though so far from the sea—others claim the discovery of its derivation from Tribus Torren-
tibus

tibus, or three streams which run there. Now, as to the first, exclusive of forcing NEPTUNE all the way from the Gulph of Venice to their temples, I cannot find any such similarity in the sound of Trent and Trident to warrant the inference; and as to the Tribus Torrentibus, they might as well say that a primer or hornbook was found there, and that thence it was derived from the alphabet, since the same analogy subsisted between them, namely, that the letters T, R, E, N, T are to be found in both. But, in the name of God, what signifies what it was called after? Its name is Trent; and if it had been Putney, or John o' Groat's house, the town would be neither the better nor the worse, nor the treasures of literature suffer any defalcation from the difference.

The bishopric of Trent is about sixty miles long, and forty broad—fertile, and abundant in wine, oil, fruit, and pasture—and pleasant, the beautiful river Adige meandering through the whole of it from north to south. The inhabitants are bigoted Roman Catholics—you will the less wonder, then, that the bishop should have so extensive a principality, and an annual revenue of forty thousand crowns.

As I receded from Germany, and advanced towards Italy, I found the air, the persons, and the manners of the people, to display a very great difference, and to resemble those of the Italians more than those of the Germans. Though Popish bigotry be pretty strong in many parts of Germany, it no where there assumes the gloomy, detestable aspect that it does in Italy.

And now, since I have happened to mention the characters of these two people, I may as well, once for all, more particularly as we are got to the verge of both, give you them in full; in both which I am warranted in saying, that all who know the two will agree with me.

Perhaps contrast was never more perfectly exemplified than in a comparison between the Germans and Italians; and that contrast strikes more forcibly and suddenly in passing from one country to the other, than it would in so short a space between any two people existing. The Italians, jealous, revengeful, treacherous, dissembling, servile, vicious, sanguinary, idle, and sensual. The Germans, on the contrary, open, good-natured, free from malice and subtlety, laborious, sincere, honest, and hospitable—and, with those valuable qualities, properly complaisant. So happy is the character of this people, that to be German-hearted has long been a phrase signifying an honest man who hated dissimulation: and their hospitality was, even in the days of JULIUS CÆSAR, remarkable; for we learn from him, that their houses were open to all men—that they thought it injustice to affront a traveller, and made it an article of their religion to protect those who came under their roof. Did not intemperance in eating and drinking detract from their virtues, no people on earth would bear comparison with them for intrinsic worth, and particularly for integrity in dealing.

The city of Trent, though not very large in circumference, is populous. The high mountains which surround it, subject it to all the inconveniences of heat and cold—rendering the air excessively hot in summer, and extremely cold in winter; besides which, they expose the town to dreadful inundations—the torrents that descend from the mountains being sometimes so impetuous as to roll large pieces of rock with them into it, and having several times laid the whole place waste.

There are in Trent many stately palaces, churches, and religious houses. The only one, however, that I will particularize, is that of Saint MARY MAJOR, noted for a prodigious large organ, which can be

made to counterfeit all sorts of musical instruments, together with the singing of birds, the cries of several beasts, and the sounds of drums and trumpets, so exactly, that it is difficult to distinguish between the imitation and the reality. To what an end such an instrument should be set up in a place of worship, I am at a loss to divine, unless it be to add to the rich, useless lumber that fills all those of Popish countries.

But that which distinguishes this church still further, is, that it is the place where the famous Council of Trent was held, concerning the Reformation, at which four thousand persons of a public character, laymen and ecclesiastics, assisted. This Council sat eighteen years before it did any thing: but at last the Pope contrived to get the ascendant; and, after debating and deliberating so long, not only the Protestants, but even the German and French nations, refused to receive its decrees. Certain of the clergy, finding the ascendancy that the negotiation of the Pope was getting in this council, said that the Holy Ghost had been sent there from Rome in a *cloakbag*!

Trent once boasted a curiosity—which indeed still remains, though out of use—that, I think, would be found serviceable in most towns in Christendom, and elsewhere too, and particularly at Bath, and such places. It was a tower on the river Adige, into which the stream was conducted, for the purpose of drowning such of the clergy as were convicted of having been too familiar with their neighbours' wives and daughters!

The people of Trent speak promiscuously, and indifferently, both the German and Italian languages; but whether well or not, I was not adept enough to discover.

My next stage was Bassano, a town in the territory of Vincenza in Italy, situated at the end of a very long narrow valley. It is watered by the river Brenta,

which washes that very rich, fertile, serene, healthy, and plentiful district of Italy, so celebrated for its admirable wines, as well as for its fine pasture-grounds, rich corn-fields, and prodigious abundance of game, cattle, and mulberry-trees; from all which it is called the Garden and Shambles of Venice.

The next day I arrived at an early hour at Venice, the description of which I shall not injure by commencing it with the mutilated fragment of a letter, and shall therefore postpone it to my next.

THUS, my dear FREDERICK, have I, in order to preserve the unity and order of my progress, brought you through Germany with a precise regularity, that, if I was not wishing for your improvement, might be dispensed with—yet have left much, very much indeed, untouched, in the confidence that you will yourself have the industry to find it out.

I confess, my dear boy, that I have often, as I wrote, detected myself in excursions from the road into moral reflection—but I could not stop: your improvement was my object in undertaking the business; and I could not refrain from endeavouring to inculcate such lessons as the progress of the work suggested, and as impressed my mind with a conviction of their truth and utility.

You must have observed, that there are two topics on which I dwell very much—one, LIBERTY—the other, an abhorrence of bigotry and superstition. But, before I proceed further, I must call to your remembrance what I have often said, that by liberty I do not mean that which some people now give that name to—nor do I mean religion when I speak of bigotry; for true liberty is still more incompatible with anarchy than with despotism, and superstition is the greatest enemy of religion. Let the first object of your heart and soul be true morality—the next, rational

onal liberty : but remember, that the one is not to be found independent of religion, nor the other ever to be enjoyed but under the restraining hands of wholesome laws and good government—such as England now boasts.

In these times, when human opinion is actually polled on the two extremes of political judgment, I know, that to speak rationally, is to incur the censure of both, or to be, as POPE somewhere says, “ by tories called a whig, by whigs a tory :” but I care not—I speak my opinion with the fair face of independence ; nor would scruple to tell the KING of PRUSSIA my hatred of despotism, or the Convention of France my abhorrence of anarchy—between both of which the true and genuine point of liberty lies ; and England, thank God ! draws the line.

LETTER XXIV.

AS I approached Venice, I was much delighted with its appearance. Its stately steeples and noble buildings seemed as if just emerging from the sea, and floating on the surface of it ; and it required no great stretch of fancy to imagine, that it undulated with the agitated waves of its parent the Adriatic. On all the surrounding coasts, nature and art seemed to have vied with each other in pouring the greatest profusion of their gifts, while thousands of masts, scattered like forests over the surrounding bays, denoted that Venice, not content with her own, shared in the wealth and luxuries of other climes.

It is indeed difficult to conceive a more extraordinary and pleasing appearance than this city makes at a distance, whether you approach it from the sea or from the continent. Built not like towns in Holland, where immense moles and walls push the sea forward, and encroach on his dominion, it stands on piles erected in the sea; and the foundations of the houses almost touching the water, gives it the appearance of floating on its surface. The steeples are seen at sea at the distance of thirty miles; and the prospect becomes more beautiful the nearer it is approached—presenting in many views the appearance of floating islands.

To erect a city thus upon the water, while so many thousands of acres stand unoccupied, at first sight seems extraordinary—but all those great and strange deviations from the ordinary path presented by nature, have their source in necessity; and it is not till long after the necessity has been first lamented, and afterwards obviated, that experience comes into aid, and demonstrates, that, from her, security and utility have often arisen. Thus it is with Venice, who, fortified by her local situation (the effort of necessity), sits secure, and bids defiance to the world.

The place where Venice now stands, is supposed to have been formerly a marshy ground, on which the Adriatic Sea had gradually encroached, leaving the more elevated parts of it above water, and thereby forming a vast number of little islands, hence called Lagunes: on those the fishermen of the neighbouring shores built their huts; and when Italy was invaded by the Goths under ALARIC, and afterwards by that barbarous race the Huns, under ATTILA, both of whom spread ruin and desolation wherever they came, vast numbers of people from the circumjacent shores of the Adriatic, particularly from Padua and Aquileia, fled hither, and brought along with them immense wealth. Here they laid the first foundations on seventy-two

distinct little islands, and certainly with huts, of a city which afterwards stood almost foremost in the naval and commercial world: as those islands were built upon, and became over-peopled, they gradually pushed forward their piles, and built upon them again, till the whole became one vast city, extending to many more of those islands beyond the original seventy-two.

As it was indebted in a great measure, for its rise and importance to the commerce of the East, which then was carried on by way of the Red Sea and Alexandria, when the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, that trade declined and Venice declined gradually along with it.

It is amazing, what an extent of territory and accumulation of power the Venetians once possessed. Besides their present possessions, which comprehend the territories of Padua and Verona, the Vincentine, the Brescians, the Bergamasques, the Cremasco, the Polesin of Rovigo, Marca Trevigiana, the Patria del Friuli, and Istria, they had under their dominion the islands of Rhodes, Scio, Samos, Mytilene, Andros, Candia, the Morea, and the cities of Gallipoli and Thessalonica: besides which, they, in conjunction with France, took Constantinople, and remained for some time masters of that part of the Empire; and disputed the dominion of Slavonia, Croatia, Morlachia and Dalmatia, with the Kings of Hungary, and contended with the Genoese for the empire of the sea: but of a great part of these, and their other conquests, they have since been stripped, almost entirely, by the Turks.

As to the government of Venice, I shall not enter into any particulars of its history—It is called a republic, and was once a democracy. The name remains, while that which gave it is gone. It is, certainly, now a downright aristocracy—the privilege of sitting in the great Council being confined to the nobility;

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and the doge, under the name of head, being no more than a gaudy slave, loaded with fetters: yet, such is the idle fondness of man for superficial pomp, that this office is sought after with avidity; for though his power be small, his state is very splendid. Hence it is said, that the doge of Venice is a king in his robes, a senator in council, a prisoner in the city, and a private man out of it; and what is more extraordinary, is, that though he may be deposed, he cannot resign—nor even decline the office, if he be once chosen, without exposing himself to banishment, and his effects to confiscation.

The established religion of this state is the Roman Catholic; but the Venetians are not bigots, and reject the supremacy of the Pope. Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Protestants, are allowed the exercise of their religion there; and, provided they do not intermeddle with state affairs, of which they are extremely jealous, even their priests, monks, and nuns, may take almost any liberties they please—a privilege that you may be assured is not neglected by any of them.

As few places have excited greater admiration and attention than Venice, so none have been more copiously described by travellers, every one of whom may, when he returns to his native country, give a very accurate account of the public buildings, curiosities, paintings, &c. by only translating the book given to him by his valet de place, or cicerone, on his arrival there—It is certain, Venice abounds with all those, particularly paintings; but I had not the time minutely to investigate; nor should I have the inclination, if I did, to describe such things: they are open to you in many well written volumes, which I recommend to your perusal. Such things, however, as strike me for their novelty, or difference from those in other places, I will, as well as I can recollect them, give you an idea of.

To their local situation they own their security—separated from *terra firma* by a body of water of five miles in breadth, too deep to be forded, and too shallow for vessels of force to pass; and on the other sides, by scattered shallows, the channels between which are marked out by stakes, which, on the appearance of an enemy, they can take away; they bid defiance to hostile army or navy, and have not been reduced to the necessity to erecting walls or fortifications for their defence.

The first peculiarity that strikes me, as arising immediately from their living, I may say, in the sea, is the total exclusion of all sort of carriages; for those streets that are on firm ground are extremely narrow and crooked; and on most of the canals, so far from having a quay on either side to walk on, the water comes up to the doors of the houses; so that walking is but little known, for they get into a boat off their threshold, and their first step out of it again is, ten to one, on the threshold of another. This circumstance, though in some respects it has its uses, is, in others, extremely disagreeable, as well as injurious; for, though those who have occasion to labour have a sufficiency of exercise, those whose condition exempts them from labour, and who, therefore, in all other countries, resort to artificial labour (exercise) for the promotion of health, are here entirely cut off from all such means of it as we practise, having neither hunting, shooting, riding, bowling &c. &c. nor can they have them, unless they go to the Continent for them. The chief amusements of the Venetians are reserved for the carnival time, which commences about a week after Christmas, and which, therefore, I could not see; but, from the concurrent testimony of all travellers and the people themselves, as well as from the evidence of my own observation on the manners of the people, I am well warranted in saying, are festivals
of

of debauchery, riot, and licentiousness. This is a subject on which I am, nevertheless, disposed to believe, that more has been said than truth will bear out—yet, a bare statement of the truth, would I fear, bear hard enough upon the moral character, or at least the piety, of the Venetians.

That masquerades are the very worst schools of vice, the private anecdotes of the *beau monde* even in England might suffice to demonstrate—That courtezans are found lost to all sense of modesty and common decency, the streets of London afford nightly proofs—Therefore, that masquerading (which is the amusement of the Venetians) should cloak many crimes, and that their courtezans should be shameless and their women lewd, is no such wonder, seeing, as we do, those things in this Northern clime; but we may, without any illiberality, suppose, that, from physical causes of the most obvious kind, they are carried to a greater extent there than here: though one of the most enlightened and amiable of all travellers says it would be hard to be proved, yet, with deference to him, I think it may be rationally supposed.

There is an active principle in the mind of man which will not suffer it to rest; it must have some materials to work upon. Men, enlightened by science, have within themselves a fund, and can never want food for contemplation; but the many, in those hours when a suspension of labour or worldly business drives them to expedients for the employment of their time, are but too prone to leave the mind to the guidance of the senses, and to cogitate on vice till they wish to practise it. Hence that homely but true saying, “Idleness is the root of all evil.” In England we have a variety of expedients which the Venetians want, whose minds being besides naturally more vivid, are more prompt to give a loose to the warm illusions of sensual fancy. Thus prepared, they meet the carnival, when

when every thing conspires to give circulation to indulgence; and when those operations of the mind which with us have so many channels to discharge themselves, with them, like a vast stream suddenly confined to one narrow channel, burst forth with an irresistible torrent, and carry away before them every bond that religion or morality has laid down as restraints on the exuberance of human passion. The customs and habits of the place and time contribute to it; for, while the severe restrictions of the female sex for the rest of the year sharpen both inclination and invention on the one hand—on the other, the unbounded license, the universal change of habits, customs and laws—the total suspension of all distinction, care, or business which take place at that time, aided by perpetual masquerade—and those most convenient of all receptacles, the gondolas, with those most expert and forward of all pandars, the gondoliers—afford ample scope to their wishes, and form altogether a mass of circumstances in favour of vicious indulgence, not to be found in any other part of Christendom; to resist which, they must be more virtuous than any other people—a point never yet laid to their charge by the best-natured and most extenuating of all those who have written upon that subject.

 LETTER XXV.

PROFLIGATE though the people of London are, I will not allow that it is so vicious a city as Venice. That there are in it, and indeed in all capitals, individuals who have reached the highest acme of shameless debauchery and depravity, it would be foolish to deny: but that concubinage is practised in the same open way, so generally, or so systematically as at Venice, no one will venture to assert. I trust the day of depravity and indelicacy is far removed from us, that will exhibit a British mother arranging a plan of accommodation for her son, and bargaining for a young virgin to commit to his embraces—as they do in Venice—not as wife, but as concubine. On that one custom of the Venetian ladies I rest my position; and have no hesitation to avow, that all the private concubinage of London amounts not to such a flagrant consummation of moral turpitude and shameless indelicacy as that practice to which I allude.

The Venetian men are well-featured and well-shaped—the women, well-shaped, beautiful, and, it is said, witty: but I had *that within* which robbed every object of its charms; and I might say with HAMLET, that “man delighted not me, nor woman either.”—In short, not all the beauties and novelty of the place, not all the pleasures that stare the traveller in the face, and solicit his enjoyment, not all the exquisite looks of the ladies, could rouse my mind from its melancholy, or fix my attention—I grew weary

weary of Venice before I had been many hours in it, and determined to grasp at the very first opportunity that offered for my departure.

I had arranged, in my own mind, a plan to proceed to Latichea, a considerable sea-port town in Syria, and thence to Aleppo, whence, as it was a great Eastern mart, I entertained hopes that I should find a speedy, or at least a certain conveyance, by a caravan, across the deserts, to Bassorah, and little doubted but that I should find a vessel at some of the Venetian ports, either bound, or belonging to a sea-port of such commercial consequence, upon which I could procure a passage—But in this I was disappointed; for, on the fullest inquiry that I could make, I found that there was only one ship ready to sail, and no probability of any other for a considerable time after—I did every thing I could to avail myself of this conveyance, but was disappointed, owing to a young lady being passenger, who was daughter to the owner of the vessel—and the old gentleman did not approve of an English officer being of the party with his daughter. I used every argument without success, urging the resident, Mr. STRANGE, who had behaved very politely to me during my short residence at Venice, to interest himself about it: I likewise entreated Mrs. STRANGE, an affable, pleasant woman, to exert her endeavours, and made her laugh, by proposing to her to give me a certificate of my behaviour, and to pledge herself to the old gentleman that the happiness or honour of his family would not be disturbed by me during the passage.

Hearing, however, that a ship lay at Trieste, which was to sail thence for Alexandria in Egypt, I determined to embrace that opportunity, and, instead of my former intended route, go to Grand Cairo, thence to Suez, and so down the Red Sea, by way of Mecca, to Moca, and thence to Aden, where com-
pany's

pany's vessels, or India country traders are always to be found going to one or other of the British settlements.

I accordingly set out for Trieste, with all the impatience of a sanguine mind, anxious to change place, eager to push forward, and full of the new route I had laid down—the charms of which, particularly of seeing Grand Cairo, the Land of Egypt, and the Pyramids, were painted by my imagination in all the glowing exaggerated colours of romance. The captain of the vessel was then at Venice, and I accompanied him to Trieste, which is about sixty miles from Venice.

Soon after our arrival at Trieste, I had the mortification to find, that the vessel was by no means likely to keep pace with the ardour of my mind, and that, owing to some unforeseen event, her departure was to be delayed; so, after a few of those effusions which may be supposed on such an occasion to escape a man of no very cool temper hanging on the tenter-hooks of expectation, I found it necessary to sit down, and patiently wait the revolution of time and event, which nothing could either impede or accelerate.

It has often been remarked, and is held as a point of faith by Predestinarians, that some men are doomed by fate to disappointment—and that, when they are so, no wisdom can obviate, no vigilance provide against, nor no resolution resist, her decrees; but, that, in spite of all the efforts of reason and industry, a series of sinister events shall pursue them through life, and meet them at every turn they attempt to take. Such has been my lot for the greatest part of my life—but I have neither faith enough in predestination, nor self-love enough, so far to blind me to my own faults, as to suppose that lady Fate had any thing at all to do with it. No, no; it was often owing to a temper, warm, impatient, and uncontroled, which, in almost all cases of momentary embarrassment, chased reason from

from her office, usurped her place, and decided as chance directed. Let every man examine the grounds of all his serious disappointments in life with candour, and he will find physical causes to which to assign them, without resorting to supernatural. For my part, when I hear a man say that he has been all his life pursued by ill-fortune, I directly conclude, that either he has been a blunderer, or those he dealt with, brutes. In the ordinary operation of earthly contingencies, mischances will happen; but an uniform life of mischance can only arise from mismanagement, or a very extraordinary chain of human injustice.—

These reflections arose from the following incident :

I had procured a servant to attend me on my journey, who, from my short observation of him, promised to contribute very considerably to my comfort, my convenience, and, indeed, to my security, as he was apparently honest, sincere, active, and clever in his duty, and master of several languages, and particularly of the *lingua Franca*, a mixture of languages, peculiarly useful in travelling through the East. Finding that I was likely to be delayed at Trieste, and conceiving that in this interim letters from England, for which I most ardently longed, might have arrived at Venice for me, I imprudently and impetuously sent him to Venice, for the purpose of taking them up, and carrying them to me. But guess what must have been my feelings when I found, almost immediately after his departure, that the vessel was preparing to sail, and that I must either lose my passage or my servant: anxious though I was to get forward, and grievous though my former delay had been to me, I hesitated which to do; but prudence, for once, prevailed over inclination; and I determined, at all events, to depart, under all the embarrassment attending the want of a servant and linguist, and all the poignant feelings of having been accessory to the disappointment.

appointment, and perhaps the injury of a poor fellow, whom I really conceived to be a person of merit. In our passage to Alexandria we touched at Zante, an island on the coast of Greece, belonging to Venice: it was anciently called Zacynthus—is about fifty miles in circumference, and contains fifty thousand inhabitants. Never before had I tasted any thing equal to the delicious flavour of the fruits of this island—the grapes exquisite, and the melons and peaches of prodigious bigness and unequalled flavour. The island is abundantly fruitful in wine, currants, oil, figs, and corn, but is very subject to earthquakes. Near the sea-port which we entered is as great a curiosity in nature as is any where, I believe, to be found. Two spring wells of clear fresh water throw up large pieces of real pitch, in such quantities, that, it is said, the people collect, one year with another, one hundred barrels of it, which they use in paying their shipping and boats.

In the first stages of melancholy, consolation is rejected by the mind as premature. The heart, intent, as it were, upon supping full of woe, disclaims all advances of comfort, and feeds on grief alone. Hence the truly skilful in the human heart consider premature consolation as an aggravation of woe, and comfort only with condolence, well knowing that the tide of grief must take its course, and that, until it be first full, no hopes can be had of its retiring. The full force of this I began now to feel. The disquietude of domestic embarrassment—the bitterness of separation from all I loved—the solitary sadness of my situation, wandering through unknown countries—myself unknown and unfriended—aggravated at length by the loss of my servant, who was a sort of prop to my spirits—and my being cast into a ship among a people whose language I little understood, without any soul or one circumstance to mitigate my sorrow, or console

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me under it ; all these, I say, had wound up my feelings to the highest pitch of fortune—More miserable I could not be when the island of Zante received me, and, for the first time for a sad series of days, raised me with the transporting sound of an English voice.

I have promised, my FREDERICK, to give you a candid relation, in hopes that you will improve by it : but if I thought, that, on the contrary, any thing I said should tend to raise in your mind a sentiment injurious to your principles, or reflective on your father's conduct, but to be an example and admonitory guide to your own, I should condemn my candour and curse the hour that I wrote—but, I trust to your good sense and disposition, with my care to direct them ; and shall, but not without hesitation, proceed. But, as I have already spun out this letter to such an extent, I will defer my further relation to another.

LETTER XXVI.

AT the time I set out upon my journey over land to India, I was (though married, and the father of children) very young, naturally of a sanguine constitution : my attachment to the fair sex was no ways diminished by a military education ; and a warmth of temper, an ardent sensibility of mind, and a frank unsuspicious disposition, left me but too often to regret the facility with which I yielded to the charms of women. But the regret for each error was wilfully smothered in vain determinations of amendment—and the

the promised amendment again broken in upon by some new error. Thus it was, till riper years and circumstances of weight strengthened my reason, and gave it in some greater degree that dominion it should have over my actions.

Circumstanced as I have in my last letter described myself to be, and constituted by nature and education as I have mentioned above, I landed in the charming island of Zante, where nature herself seems to have conspired against chastity—making the very air breathe nothing but transport and delight. There I met a young lady, a native of England—extremely pretty, highly accomplished, and captivating in the extreme: she had been at Venice for her education—was a complete mistress of music, and expressed an intention of following it professionally on her arrival in England, whither she was going passenger in a vessel bound there from Zante. To have accidentally met with a native of England, even of my own sex, in such a distant corner of the world, under such circumstances as mine, just escaped from the horrid life I had for some time led, must have filled me with joy: allowance, therefore, may be made for my feelings on meeting this young lady, and for my thinking of some expedient to prevent our separation. She laboured, perhaps, under the pressure of feelings as disagreeable as my own, and expressed her satisfaction at meeting with a countryman so very unexpectedly. Reserve was soon thrown off on both sides: we entered into a conversation interesting and confidential, which increased my anxiety to keep her with me, and in order to persuade her to accompany me, I pointed out in the strongest colours possible, the great advantages she might derive from her accomplishments in India, where her musical talents alone, exclusive of her various captivating qualities, would be an inexhaustible mine of wealth. In short, I so very eagerly enforced

my proposal to accompany me, and time was so very short, that she consented, and in two hours we had arranged every thing for our departure together—and here with shame and sorrow I confess (nor shall ever cease to regret it), that this eclairecissement communicated the first ray of substantial pleasure to my heart that it felt since I left London.

Thus far, our project failed before the wind: wayward imagination had decked it out in the most alluring drapery that fancy could fabricate, and prevented us from seeing the impracticability of it, as it stood in the nakedness of truth; and when it came to be carried into execution, a thousand difficulties occurred, that the wildness of passion, and the warmth of our feelings, had before concealed from our view. In the first place, it was necessary for her to obtain the consent of a lady to whose care and protection she was committed: in the next place, accommodations were to be procured for her in the same ship with me—a circumstance of most arduous difficulty; besides which, a variety of other impediments—insuperable indeed—concurrent to frustrate our views, and put an end to our project. If my pleasure at meeting her was great, my anguish at parting with her was inexpressible. I had once more to face the world alone; and, on the second day of my sojourning at Zante, embarked with a heavy heart, and set sail for Alexandria. The last disappointments we undergo, seem always the heaviest; and this at Zante I thought at that time to be the greatest of my life. But—oh! short-sighted man! bubble of every delusive shadow! I never reflected, as I have since done, what serious mischiefs, what endless misery, what loss of time, means, and reputation, I may by that providential disappointment have escaped—for these are the almost never-failing consequences of such affairs. It too often happens, that the siren who deludes a man into her

snare,

snare, is the very person who inflicts the deadly wound into his heart. Avoid, my dear FREDERICK! avoid all such, as you would avoid plague, pestilence, or ruin—steel your heart by timely reflection against their advances. In all your transactions with women, like a good general in warfare, secure for your heart a retreat; for it will be too late to find that they are unworthy when your heart is ensnared—and when you find them worthy of your affection, it will be time enough to give a loose to the sensibility of your heart. A virtuous woman is beyond all calculation to be valued, when she is found; but, alas! in finding her, you may pass through so many fires ordeal, and run such danger, that it is almost a doubt, whether a wise man (if he can fetter his passions) had not better dispense with the blessing, than run the hazard of searching for it.

On my arrival at Alexandria, I found, to my fresh mortification, that the plague was raging all over Egypt—and as, if this was not of itself sufficient to block up my intended route, an irruption of the Arabs, who in formidable bodies infested all the roads, put a period to all my hopes of seeing Grand Cairo, and viewing the curiosities of that country, which all who, like us, have the Bible put early into their hands, are taught to venerate as soon as they are taught to read. Here I thought to have viewed the pyramids, whose antiquity, origin, or intended use, have baffled the learned and ingenious inquiries of so many ages—of beholding Mount Sinai, the stone of Moses, the track of the Israelites, all of which are said to be clearly pointed out, and geography by that means brought into the support of Sacred History. These, and many things, I did wish to see—they are worth it: but I have had since reason to believe, that my ill luck was not so great as I then thought it; for the search is dangerous, and made prodigiously expensive.

penfive by the exactions of the Mahomedan magistrates. It is as well, therefore, to travel over this country in books, which afford us good information, and more of it, at an easier rate than you could purchase it in the country.

Alexandria was built by ALEXANDER the Great, soon after the overthrow of Tyre, about 333 years before CHRIST, and is situated on the Mediterranean, twelve miles west of that mouth of the Nile, anciently called Canopicum. A very extraordinary circumstance is related as a proof of the suddenness of ALEXANDER's resolution to build it: After he had directed the number of public structures, and fixed the places where they were to stand, there were no instruments at hand proper for marking out the walls, according to the custom of those times: upon this, a workman advised the King to collect what meal was among the soldiers, and sift it in lines upon the ground, in order to mark out the circuit of the walls: the advice was followed, and the king's soothsayer interpreted it to be a presage of the future prosperity and abundance of the city. This prophecy was certainly afterwards verified; for it soon became the emporium of commerce, of arts, and of sciences.

By the description of STRABO and other ancients, it appears that this city was built upon a plan well worthy the vast mind of its founder; and the fragments of its ornaments afterwards composed a part of the grandest embellishments of Rome and Constantinople. In the museum of the royal palace, which occupied a fourth part of the city, the body of ALEXANDER was deposited in a golden coffin—but the detestable SELEUCUS CIBYOFACTES violated the monument, took away the golden coffin, and substituted a glass one in its place.

This city like most others of antiquity, has been the scene of terrible massacres. About two hundred years after its foundation, it was totally depopulated

by

by **PTOLEMY PHYSCON**—the very few who escaped slaughter, flying into other countries. Desirous, however, not to reign over empty houses, he seduced inhabitants from the neighbouring countries; and again, for some slight offence, determined on a general massacre of the young men; and accordingly, when they were one day assembled in the **Gymnasium**, or place of public exercise, he ordered it to be set on fire, so that all perished, either in the flames, or by the swords of his mercenaries, whom he had placed at all the avenues. Afterwards, in the year of **CHRIST 215**, the Emperor **CARACALLA**, having been lampooned by some of the inhabitants, ordered a general massacre by his numerous troops, who were dispersed over the city. The inhuman orders being given, all were murdered, without distinction of age or sex; so that, in one night's time, the whole city floated in blood, and every house was filled with carcases: the monster himself, retiring to the temple of **Serapis**, was all the time imploring the protection of the Deity—a proof that practical devotion and the most atrocious inhumanity may meet in the same bosom. As if this had not been sufficient vengeance, he stripped the city of all its ancient privileges—ordered all strangers who lived there to depart—and, that the few who remained might not have the satisfaction of seeing one another, he cut off all communication of one street with another, by walls built for the purpose, and guarded with troops.

Notwithstanding these massacres, Alexandria again recovered its former splendour—and was again sacked by **AMROU**, the infamous Saracen—and all the intrepid youth of the city perished with arms in their hands. The magnificence of the city may be estimated from the account written by **AMROU** to the Caliph: “I have taken,” said he, “the City of the West; it is of an immense extent; I cannot describe to you how many

many wonders it contains there are 4000 palaces, 4000 baths," &c. &c.

The great advantages of the East India trade, which was then carried on by the Red Sea, preserved Alexandria through several revolutions; but having fallen under the dominion of the Turks, and the passage round the Cape of Good Hope being discovered, a fatal blow was given to its commerce, and it has since fallen to decay. It is, however, even now, worth the attention of the classical traveller. Entering the harbour, we passed by the Island of Pharos, where PTOLEMY built the enormous tower which was once the wonder of the world; and, when riding within the port, nothing could be more gratifying than to see from thence that mixture of ancient and modern monuments that presented themselves to the view, on which ever side the eye could be turned.

Of myriads of antiquities which this place affords for the inspection of the curious, I shall mention only two—One, the column of POMPEY, on viewing of which, the remembrance of that great and good man's most unmerited and cruel fate extracted a sigh from the bottom of my heart: this pillar engages the attention of all travellers; it is composed of red granite; the capital is Corinthian, with palm leaves, and not indented; the shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, ninety feet long; and nine in diameter; the base, a square of fifteen feet on each side; the whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high, perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument: seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels; approaching it nearer, it produces an astonishment mixed with awe: one would never be tired of admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, nor the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal.

Some

Some years ago, a party of English seamen contrived, by flying a kite, to draw a line over the pillar, and by that means made a kind of a shroud, by which they got up, and on the very top of it drank a bowl of punch, to the utter astonishment of a multitude who came to see them; they broke off one of the volutes of the column, but amply compensated for this mischief by a discovery they made, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known, at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this column, one foot and ancle of which, of enormous size, are still remaining.—The other is the obelisk of CLEOPATRA, of immense size, and of one single piece of granite marble. Here I observed, too, a thick wall, with towers mouldering under extreme age, which contained, in its face, fragments of architecture of the most exquisite workmanship, such as broken columns, friezes, &c.; those were the antique ruins of some fallen pieces of antiquity, at the time that this antique wall was built: what, then, must be the length of time since they had first undergone the hands of the workman? These circumstances tend to demonstrate, that, far back beyond the reach of our calculation, the arts flourished: and when one thinks of the miraculous masses of work done in former ages—the magnitude of the pieces of which those works were composed, such as whole columns and obelisks of a single block of marble—the Colossus of Rhodes, made of brass, one foot of which was placed on one side of the harbour, and another on the other side, so that ships passed between its legs—we cannot help yielding up the palm to the ancients for stupendous magnificence, however we may surpass them for the useful, the elegant, and the good.

At Alexandria I remained about twelve days, till, wearied of the confined state I lived in on account of the plague, I resolved to devise some means, if possible,

possible, to get away, and at length hired a boat to carry me to the island of Cyprus, from whence I concluded, that I should find no sort of difficulty in procuring a conveyance to Latichea, and so proceed by my first intended route. I accordingly arrived at Cyprus in perfect safety, where, to my great sorrow and astonishment, I found that an epidemical fever, equal in its effects to a plague, prevailed: however, there was no alternative; I must run the risque, and I dismissed the boat that carried me from Alexandria.

Although the etymologies of the names of places are of very little importance, and most frequently uncertain, I think it probable that the learned are right, who assert the name of this is derived from *Κύπρος* (Cyprus) or Cypress—with which shrubs the island abounds. It had, in ancient times, a number of other names—one of which was Paphia, whence Venus, who was worshipped in it, was called the Paphian Goddess. It lies thirty miles west of Syria, whither I was bound, stretching from the south-west to the north-east, one hundred and fifty miles in length, and seventy in breadth in the widest part of it.

This island holds a very high rank in classic lore—It gave birth to some great philosophers and considerable poets—The Apostle BARNABAS was a native of it, and, assisted by ST. PAUL, first introduced Christianity among them. Famagusta, a town on the eastern part of the island, opposite to the shore of Syria, is the ancient Salamis, built by TEUCER the son of TELAMON, and brother of AJAX.

Symisso, on the south-east, the best port in Cyprus, is the *Amathus* mentioned by VIRGIL, in his *Æneid*, and by OVID in his *Metamorphoses*. And Baffo, on the Western coast, is the *πάφος* (Paphos) of antiquity, famous for the Temple of Venus.

As the branches of an empire most remote from the great seat of government are always more despotically

despotically governed than those nearer the source of redress, Cyprus has been continually ruled with a rod of iron since it came into the heads of the Turks. While it was under the dominion of Christians, it was well-peopled, having no less than eight hundred or a thousand villages in it, besides several handsome cities; but the Turks have spread ruin and desolation over the country, and it is now so thinly inhabited that more than half the lands lie uncultivated.

The air of this island is now for the most part unwholesome, owing to the damps arising from the many fens and marshes with which the country abounds—while, there being but few springs or rivers in the island, the want of a plentiful fall of rain, at proper periods, distresses the inhabitants very much in another way; and by means of the uncultivated state of the country, they are greatly infested with poisonous reptiles of various kinds.

The most remarkable mountain in Cyprus is called Olympus—a name common to several other mountains in Greece, particularly to that in Thessaly, so famous in the poetry of the ancients. That in Cyprus is about fifty miles in circumference: great part of it is covered with woods; and at the foot of it are fine vineyards, which produce admirable wine, not only in a sufficiency for their own consumption, but some also for exportation—And although the greater part of the island lies uncultivated, as I have before observed, it produces a sufficient quantity of corn, unless in seasons when their harvest fails, in which case the people are easily supplied from the continent. They have, besides, cattle enough for their own consumption—Many parts of the country abound with wild-fowl, and several sorts of game, and they have plenty of fish upon the sea coasts.

The trade of Cyprus is not inconsiderable, and carried on chiefly by Jews and Armenians: the commodities

modities in which they deal are wine, oil, cotton, wool, salt, silk, and turpentine—besides, it produces several sorts of earth, fit for the use of painters, particularly red, black, and yellow.

Its most wonderful production, however, is the famous stone *Asbestos* (Asbestos) inextinguishable, or *Amiantos* (Amiantos) impollutus, so called from its extraordinary property of resisting fire. It is related that the ancients made out of this stone a kind of thread that would remain unconsumed in the most intense fire. It is even said, that some experiments have been made in modern days, which have sufficiently proved that the thing is not a fiction. In such extraordinary questions as this, though I do not positively contradict, I always suspend my belief, till something stronger than mere assertion is offered to convince me.

There is one dreadful mischief to which this island is subject—In the hot season, locusts come from the Continent, in swarms so vast and so thick as to darken the sky like clouds. Those would certainly devour all the fruits of the earth, if they were not driven to sea by a north wind that usually blows at the time of their coming. When that wind happens to fail, which fortunately is seldom, the consequence is a total demolition of the fruits of the country.

The whole island, as well as particular towns, was entirely consecrated to the goddess VENUS, who thence was called VENUS CYPRIA, or DEA CYPRIA, and is represented by the poets as taking a peculiar pleasure in visiting it—and this unquestionably arose from the loose habits and lascivious temperament of the women there, who certainly are, at this time, not remarkable for chastity.

I must confess, however, that I felt great pleasure in entering Cyprus—it was, as I have already stated, classic ground, and dedicated to the Queen of Love.

But

But a traveller who visits it with hopes of amusement, will be much disappointed; for in no one particular did it seem to me to resemble that Cyprus famed in the Heathen Story and Mythology. Of the Cyprian queen's favours the ladies seemed to boast no one mark, save the most nauseous, disgusting lewdness—and the natural fertility of the soil is half lost beneath the oppressive yoke of the servants of the Turkish government. Thus, in the extraordinary revolutions that human affairs are incessantly undergoing, that island which for its superior beauties was supposed to be the residence of love, which gave birth to the philosophers ZENO, APPOLLONIUS, and XENOPHON, is now a miserable, half-cultivated spot, peopled with a mixture of wretched Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Christians—groaning under the tyranny of a barbarous despotic abuse of delegated power—infested with locusts which devour the fruits of the earth—and disgraced by a race of ignominious women, who esteem it to be an act of religion to prostitute themselves to all strangers.

Our RICHARD the First made a conquest of this island on his way to the Holy Land, and conferred the royalty of it on GUY LUSIGNAN, king of Jerusalem. The Venetians possessed themselves of it in the year 1480—but, in the sixteenth century, the Turks dispossessed them, and have ever since kept it under the yoke—I should have remarked that their wine is excellent.

Continuing my route, I hired another boat, after only forty-eight hours stay at Cyprus, and proceeded for Latichea, which, as I have somewhere before mentioned, is a considerable sea-port town of Syria, built on a promontory of land, which, running into the sea, occasions its being continually refreshed with breezes. Fortune, who had hitherto been not very liberal in her dispensations, now favoured me; for,

just as I arrived at Latichea, a caravan was preparing. The consul of the Turkish Company at Cyprus received me with great politeness and hospitality—gave me a letter to the resident at Latichea; and by his instruction and assistance, after a very short stay, I set out on my way to Aleppo with the caravan.

As I shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to describe the nature of those caravans, I shall, for the present, tell you, that this was composed of no other beasts of burden than mules and asses, of which there were not less than three or four hundred in number.

Mounted on a mule, I travelled along, well pleased with the fertile appearance of the country, and delighted with the serenity of the air—We were, as well as I can now recollect, near ten days on the road; during which time we travelled only in the morning early, and in the heat of the day reposed under the shade of trees.

I was informed, that if, instead of going to Latichea, I had gone to Scandaroon (otherwise Alexandretta), I should, in the road from thence to Aleppo, have travelled through a country, in which the most singular and extravagant customs prevail that exist in any country emerged from barbarism—Several of those I heard; but one in particular was, that the men prostituted their wives and daughters to all comers—and that this originated from a principle of religion, though there was every reason to believe, that, like many of their religious institutions, it was at last made subservient to the gratification of avarice.

On my way to Aleppo, I was met by a Mr. —, an English gentleman, who had heard of my coming, and who, in the most kind and hospitable manner, insisted upon my living at his house instead of the British consul's, where I should otherwise have resided during my stay there; and his manner of asking me

was so engaging, interesting, and impressive, that I found it impossible to refuse him.

As the great public caravan had departed from Aleppo before my arrival, and the expence of forming a private one on my account was too great, as I was travelling on my own account, and had no dispatches to authorise or enforce my departure, or bear me out in the expence; I was constrained to remain at Aleppo till some eligible mode of travelling occurred, or another public caravan was formed—This delay gave me an opportunity of seeing and informing myself of the city and surrounding country; the result of which, I shall, in as short a manner as possible, relate to you in a future letter. It also gave occasion to one of those unhappy incidents which I have so often had occasion to lament, not from any consciousness of direct criminality, but for the scope it gave to misrepresentation, and the injury which that misrepresentation did me in the opinion of some of my friends.

END OF PART I.

JOURNEY TO INDIA, &c.

Part II.

LETTER XXVII.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

SO long as the route of my journey lay through European regions, little presented itself respecting human nature of such very great novelty as to excite admiration or awaken curiosity. In all the various nations through which we have passed, a certain parity of sentiment, arising from the one great substratum, Christianity, gave the same general colouring to all the scenes, however they might differ from each other in their various shadings. Whatever dissimilitude the influence of accident, climate, or local circumstance, may, in the revolutions of ages, have introduced into their manners, customs, municipal laws, and exterior forms of worship—the great code of religion and moral sentiment remains nearly the same with all: and right and wrong, good and evil, being defined by the same principles of reason, and ascertained by the same boundaries, bring the rule of conduct of each to so close an approximation with that of the others, that, when compared with those

we are now to attend to, they may really be considered as one and the same people.

In the empire now before us, were we to leave our judgment to the guidance of general opinion of Christian nations, we should have, on the contrary, to contemplate man under a variety of forms and modifications, so entirely different from those to which habit has familiarised our minds, as at first to impress us with the idea of a total disruption from our nature, and induce us, as it has already the generality of our people, to divorce them from a participation of all those sympathetic feelings which serve to enforce the discharge of mutual good offices among men. Deducting all their principles, not only of moral conduct, but municipal government, from a religion radically different from, and essentially adverse to, ours; deluded by that system into a variety of opinions which liberality itself must think absurd; unaided by that enlightened philosophy which learning, and learned men, acting under the influence of comparative freedom, and assisted by the art of printing, have diffused through the mass of Europeans; and living under a climate the most unfavourable to intellectual or bodily exertion, they exhibit a spectacle which the philosophic and liberal mind must view with disapprobation, regret, and pity—the illiberal fierce Christian with unqualified detestation and disgust: while, on their part, bigoted to their own principles and opinions, they look on us with abhorrence, and indulge as conscientious a contempt of, and antipathy to Christians, which I apprehend no lapse of time, without a great change of circumstance, will be able to eradicate. Should Mahomedanism and Christianity ever happen to merge in Deism (but not otherwise), the inhabitants of Syria and Europe will agree to consider each other even as fellow-creatures. In Spain and Portugal, Jew, Turk, and indeed Protestant, are without distinction

distinction called hogs. In Turkey, Jews and Christians are indiscriminately called dogs; each thinking the other completely excluded from the pale of humanity, and well worthy the dagger of any TRUE BELIEVER who would have the *piety* to apply it.

You will allow, my dear FREDERICK, that it must have been rather an important contemplation to your father, to have perhaps two thousand miles to travel through the immense and almost trackless wilds of a country inhabited by such people, without the consolation of any others to accompany him in his journey; for, unless a public dispatch was to overtake me, there was little probability of my having a single European partner of my fatigue and perils.

However, as the period was not yet arrived at which I was to go forward, or even determine my mode of travelling, I endeavoured to soothe my mind as much as I could into content, and to take advantage of my stay at Aleppo, to acquire all the knowledge possible of the place, that is to say, of that city in particular, and of the Turkish government and manners in general.

A distant view of Aleppo fills the mind with expectations of great splendour and magnificence. The mosques, the towers, the large ranges of houses with flat roofs, rising above each other, according to the sloping hills on which they stand, the whole variegated with beautiful rows of trees, form altogether a scene magnificent, gay, and delightful: but, on entering the town, all those expected beauties vanish, and leave nothing in the streets to meet the eye, but a dismal succession of high stone walls, gloomy as the recesses of a convent or state prison, and unenlivened by windows, embellished, as with us, by the human face divine. The streets themselves, not wider than some of the meanest alleys in London, overcast by the height of the prison-houses on either side, are rendered

dered still more formidably gloomy by the solitude and silence that pervade them; while here and there a lattice towards the top, barely visible, strikes the soul with the gloomy idea of thralldom, coercion, and imprisonment.

This detestable mode of building, which owes its origin to jealousy, and the scandalous restraints every man is empowered by the laws and religion of the place to impose upon the women consigned either by sale or birth to his tyranny, extends not to the inside of the houses, many of which are magnificent and handsome, and all admirably suited to the exigencies of the climate, and the domestic customs and manner of living of the inhabitants.

The city is adorned, it is true, here and there, with mosques and appendant towers, called Minarets, from which cryers call the faithful to prayers; and in some of the streets there are arches built at certain distances from each other, so as to carry the eye directly through them, and form a vista of considerable grandeur: but all these are far from sufficient to counterbalance the general aspect of gloominess and solitude which reigns over the whole, and renders it so peculiarly disgusting, particularly at first sight, to an Englishman who has enjoyed the gaiety and contemplated the freedom of a city in Great Britain.

The mosques (Mahomedan temples) are extremely numerous in this city; indeed almost as much so as churches and convents in the Popish countries of Christendom. There is nothing in their external appearance to attract the notice of the traveller, or indulge the eye of the architect; they are almost all of one form—an oblong quadrangle: and as to the inside, I never had an opportunity of seeing one; none but Mussulmen being permitted to enter them, at least at Aleppo.

The next buildings of a public kind to the mosques that deserve to be particularly mentioned, are the caravanferas—buildings which, whether we consider the spirit of beneficence and charity that first suggested them, their national importance, or their extensive utility, may rank, though not in splendour of appearance, at least in true value, with any to be found in the world.

Caravanferas were originally intended for, and are now pretty generally applied to, the accommodation of strangers and travellers, though, like every other good institution, sometimes perverted to the purposes of private emolument or public job : they are built at proper distances through the roads of the Turkish dominions, and afford the indigent or weary traveller an asylum from the inclemency of the weather ; are in general very large, and built of the most solid and durable materials ; have commonly one story above the ground floor, the lower of which is arched, and serves for warehouses to stow goods, for lodgings and for stables, while the upper is used merely for lodgings ; besides which, they are always accommodated with a fountain, and have cooks shops and other conveniencies to supply the wants of the lodgers. In Aleppo the Caravanferas are almost exclusively occupied by merchants, to whom they are, like other houses, rented.

The suburbs of Aleppo, and the surrounding country, are very handsome, pleasant, and, to a person coming out of the gloomy city, in some respects interesting. Some tossed about into hill and valley lie under the hands of the husbandman ; others are covered with handsome villas ; and others again laid out in gardens, whither the people of Aleppo occasionally resort for amusement.

The roofs of all the houses are flat, and formed of a composition which resists the weather effectually. On

those most of the people sleep in the very hot weather : they are separated from each other by walls ; but the Franks, who live contiguous to one another, and who, from their disagreeable circumstances with regard to the Turks, are under the necessity of keeping up a friendly and harmonious intercourse together, have doors of communication, which are attended with these fortunate and pleasing advantages, that they can make a large circuit without descending into the streets, and can visit each other during the plague, without running the risk of catching the infection by going among the natives below.

There is a castle in the city which I had nearly forgotten to mention—The natives conceive it to be a place of great strength. It could not, however withstand the shock of a few pieces of ordnance for a day. It is esteemed a favour to be permitted to see it ; and there is nothing to recompense one for the trouble of obtaining permission, unless it be the prospect of the surrounding country, which from the battlements is extensive and beautiful.

Near this castle stands the seraglio, a large old building, where the bashaw of Aleppo resides : the whole of it seemed to me to be kept in very bad repair, considering the importance of the place. It is surrounded by a strong wall of great height : besides which, its contiguity to the castle is very convenient ; as, in case of popular tumults, or intestine commotions, the bashaw finds an asylum in the latter, which commands and overawes the city, and is never without a numerous garrison under the command of an Aga.

Such is the summary account I have been able to collect of Aleppo, the capital of Syria ; which, mean though it is when compared with the capitals of European countries, is certainly the third city for splendour, magnificence, and importance, in the vast extent of

the Ottoman Empire—Constantinople and Grand Cairo only excelling it in those points, and no other bearing any sort of competition with it.

LETTER XXVIII.

HOWEVER faction may agitate, or abuse irritate the minds of men against the executive branch of their government, the people of every nation under Heaven are disposed to think their own constitutional system the best; and the artful intertexture of religion with governments confirms them in that opinion, and often consigns the understanding to unalterable error and illiberal prejudice. It would be wonderful, then, if the Turkish constitution, founded on the Koran, was not looked upon with abhorrence by the bulk of the Christian world; and more wonderful still, if the outrageous zealots of the Christian church, who for so many centuries engrossed all the learning of Europe to themselves, should not have handed down with exaggerated misrepresentation every circumstance belonging to the great enemies of their faith. But that, at this day of intellectual illumination, mankind should be enveloped in such error and darkness, with regard to the government of so large a portion of the globe as Turkey, is extraordinary; and only to be accounted for by a reference, in the first place, to those religious prejudices which we suck in from our nurse, and which habit, incessant document, and every part of our education, tend to confirm in our mind; and in the next, to that indis-
position

position the human mind feels to part with its old prejudices, and the general indolence and incapacity of men to acquire knowledge by the arduous and fatiguing paths of study.

The Turkish government is grossly misrepresented. Were our opinions to be directed by the general belief of Europeans, we should suppose that the life and property of every being in that vast empire were irremediably at the mercy of the Grand Seignior—and that, without laws to protect, or any intermediate power whatever to shield them, they were entirely subject to the capricious will of an inexorable tyrant, who, stimulated by cruelty, sharpened by avarice, and unrestrained by any law human or divine, did every thing to oppress his subjects, and carry destruction among mankind. I firmly believe, that, from the combination of ideas arising from those prejudices, there are few Christians who think or hear of the grand Turk, that do not, by an involuntary act of the mind, instantly think of blood and murder, strangling with bowstrings, and slicing off heads with cimeters.

As there is no part of your education more near my heart than the eradicating illiberal prejudices from your mind, and fortifying you against their assaults; I find it impossible to refrain from giving you my opinion of the Turkish government, which I have been at some pains to collect, as well from oral information as from the best authors; and which, though very far from what a generous and universally philanthropic disposition would wish them to have, is very different from that which is generally attributed to them, and unquestionably far more limited in its powers than the governments of several Christian countries I could mention.

The constitution of that country is laid down expressly in the Koran. The emperor of Turkey (commonly called the Grand Seignior) is a descendant of

Mahomet, who pretended he had the Koran from Heaven: and he is as much bound by the institutes of that book as any subject in his realm—as liable to deposition as they to punishment for breach of them, and indeed has been more than once deposed, and the next in succession raised to the throne. Thus far, it is obvious, his power is limited and under control. But that is not all—It is equally certain that the Turkish government is partly republican; for, though the people at large have no share in the legislation, and are excluded by the Koran from it (which Koran has established and precisely ascertained their rights, privileges, and personal security), yet there is an intermediate power which, when roused to exertion, is stronger than the Emperor's, and stands as a bulwark between the extremes of Despotism and them. This body is THE ULAMA, composed of all the members of the Church and the law, superior to any nobility, jealous of their rights and privileges, and partly taken from the people, not by election, but by profession and talents.—In this body are comprised the Moulahs, the hereditary and perpetual guardians of the religion and laws of the empire: they derive their authority as much as the Emperor from the Koran, and, when necessary, act with all the firmness resulting from a conviction of that authority; which they often demonstrate by opposing his measures, not only with impunity, but success. Their persons are sacred; and they can, by means of the unbounded respect in which they are held, rouse the people to arms, and proceed to depose. But, what is much more, the Emperor cannot be deposed without their concurrence.

If, by this provision of the constitution, the power of the monarch is limited, and the personal security of the subject ascertained, on the one hand; the energy of the empire in its external operations is,

on the other, very frequently and fatally palsied by it. Declarations of war have been procrastinated, till an injurious and irrecoverable act of hostility has been sustained; and peace often protracted, when peace would have been advantageous. The Ulama being a numerous body, it has been found always difficult, often impossible, to unite so many different opinions; and nothing being to be done without their concurrence, the executive power finds it often impossible to take a decisive step in a crisis of advantageous opportunity. But as this code of laws and government is received as a divine revelation, binding both prince and people, and supposed to be sealed in Heaven, the breach of it would be sufficient to consign even the monarch to deposition and death.

As to the military force, which in the hands of all Despots has been made the instrument of the people's slavery, that of the Turk could avail him nothing; and, whenever it does interfere, acts only to his overthrow. The very reverence they have for his person arising from obedience to their religion, they are, *à fortiori*, governed by it, not him. He holds no communication with them; and the standing force of the Janissaries is, compared with the mass of the people, only a handful. Some wild accounts, indeed, have stated it at 300,000; but the best informed fix it below 60,000, of which a great part consists of false musters and abuses—great multitudes being enrolled to obtain certain privileges annexed to the office of Janissary. The fact is, that the chief force of the empire is a militia composed of the people; who, with respect to obedience and subordination, are so loose that they leave their duty whenever they please, without receiving any punishment. How far the people of Turkey are protected from the encroachments of power, will appear from the recital of a fact

related by one of the best and most liberal of our historians on that subject, and which is of too great notoriety to be doubted.

In the year 1755, the Porte, as it is called, or Palace of the Grand Vizir at Constantinople, was burnt down: in laying the plan for rebuilding it on the former site, the leading consideration was, how to contrive matters so as to render it secure from accidents of a like nature in future; and it was determined that the only certain means to do so was, to leave a space of clear ground all round it, for which purpose the contiguous houses should be purchased from the proprietors, and demolished. All the owners of the houses agreed to the sale, except one old woman, who pertinaciously refused: she said she was born, and had lived all her life, in that spot, and would not quit it for any one. Now, in England, for the convenience of a private canal, the Parliament would force her to sell. But what did they say in Turkey? When all the people cried out, "Why does not the Sultan use his authority, and take the house, and pay her the value?" No! answered the magistrates and the Ulama, it is impossible! it cannot be done! it is her property. While the power of the monarch is thus limited, and the rights of the people thus ascertained by the Koran, and in things manifest and open to view rigidly adhered to, justice between man and man is rarely administered; for, though the laws themselves are good, the corrupt administration of them disarms their effect, and distorts them from their purpose. The venality of the judges is beyond conception flagitious and barefaced; and their connivances at false witnesses so scandalously habitual, that testimony is become an article of commerce, and can be procured with a facility and at a price that at once stamps an opprobrium on the country, and furnishes matter of wonder to the considerate mind, how, if judges

judges are flagitious and shameless enough to be guilty of it, the people can bear such a pernicious system so long. Hence flow all the censures on the laws and government of that country—hence most of the impediments under which its commerce and agriculture languish ; while the actual written laws of the realm are, if duly administered, sufficiently adequate to the security of property, the regulation of commerce, the repression of vice, and the punishment and prevention of crimes.

In endeavouring to guard your mind against an illiberal, vulgar prejudice, I have stated to you what the Turkish constitution is, and what the laws ; but you must not carry what I have said to an overstrained or forced interpretation. I would not have you infer that the people are well governed ; I only say, that their constitution contains within it the means of better government than is supposed. I would not have you infer that property is always secure ; I barely say there are laws written to secure it. This too I wish to impress on you, that the common people are more free, and that property and life are better secured, in Turkey, than in some European countries. I will mention Spain for one. Like the country we are now contemplating, fear keeps them, as disunited individuals, under passive obedience in ordinary cases ; but, unlike the Spaniards, when notoriously aggrieved—when their property or religious code is forcibly violated—when the prince would riot in blood, and persist in an unsuccessful war—the Turks appeal to the law ; they find a chief ; the soldiery join their standard, and depose or destroy him, not on the furious pretext of popular hatred, but upon the legitimate ground of the Koran, as an infidel, and a violator of the laws of God and Mahomet—They always, however, place his regular successor on the throne. Yet, notwithstanding the general venality which

which pollutes the fountains of justice, and notwithstanding the great abuse of power to which I have alluded, their internal policy is, in many respects, excellent, and may be compared with advantage to that of any nation in Europe. Highway-robbery, house-breaking, or pilfering, are little known and rarely practised among them; and at all times the roads are as secure as the houses. Ample provisions too are made against those petty secret frauds which many who carry a fair face in England, and would bring an action of damages against one that should call them rogues, practise every day. Bakers are the most frequent victims of justice, and are not unfrequently seen hanging at their own doors. They are mulcted and bastinadoed for the first and second offence, and on the third, a staple is driven up into their door-case, and they are hanged from it. Notwithstanding which, men are constantly found hardy enough to pursue the same course of practice; and this is the more extraordinary, as the police is so strictly attended to, that the bashaw or vizir himself goes about in disguise, in order to discover frauds and detect the connivances of the inferior officers of justice. But what will our great ladies, who consume their nights, destroy their constitution, and squander their husband's property in gambling; who afterwards, to repair their shattered finances, have recourse to the infamous expedient of keeping gaming-houses, and endeavour to recover by degrading means what they have lost by folly, to the disgrace of themselves and family, and the shame of their sex and rank—What will they say when I tell them, that gaming is held among the Turks to be as infamous as theft, and a gamester looked upon with more detestation than a highway robber? The Turkish ambassador and his train will, on their return to their country, have to tell a curious tale of this much-famed island, in that and other respects.

 LETTER XXIX.

PREJUDICE, that canker of the human heart, has injured mankind by impeding personal intercourse, and thereby clogging the channel of intellectual improvement: it forbids that interchange of sentiment—that reciprocal communication of opinion—that generous circulation of intellectual wealth, which, while it enriches another, advances itself—it dissevers the bond of social union, and makes man sit down the gloomy, selfish possessor of his own miserable mite, with too much hatred to give, and too much pride to receive, those benefits, which Providence, by leaving our nature so unaccommodated, has pointed out as necessary to pass between man and man: under its influence we spurn from us the good, if we dislike the hand that offers it, and will rather plunge into the mire than be guided by the light of any one whose opinion is at variance with our own.

Thus it is between the Turks and us—the little of their affairs which the prejudices of the Mahomedans have allowed themselves to communicate, or suffered others to glean among them, has been in general so misused, distorted, and misrepresented by the prejudices of the Christians, that it is not going beyond the truth to say, there exist not a people in the civilized world whose real history and genuine state are so little known as those of the Turks: and the worst of it is, that not one misrepresentation, not one single mistake has fallen on the generous, charitable side; but all,

all without exception tend to represent the Turk in the most degraded and detestable point of view. As the purity of the Christian does not allow him to be guilty of a wilful, uncharitable misrepresentation, we should attribute it to unavoidable error, were it not that, till some late authors whose liberality does them honour, they all walked in the very same track, and could hardly have been so uniformly erroneous from design. We must therefore attribute it to religious zeal and mistaken piety ; in which, in this instance alone, they seem to be reputable competitors with the Turks. The moroseness, the animosity, and the supercilious self-possession of the bigot, each holds in common with the other.

One striking feature in the constitution of Turkey is, that neither blood nor splendid birth are of themselves sufficient to recommend a man to great offices. Merit and abilities alone are the pinions which can lift ambition to its height. The cottager may be exalted to the highest office in the empire ; at least there is no absolute impediment in his way ; and I believe it has often happened. Compare this with France under its late monarchy, where no merit could raise a man from the Canaille : this, I say, is one of the criterions of a free constitution, and Turkey is so far democratic.

The very first principle ingrafted in the minds of the Mahomedan children, is a high contempt of all religions but their own ; and from the minute babes are capable of distinguishing, they are taught to call Christians by the name of Ghiaour, or Infidel : this grows up in their manhood so strong in them, that they will follow a Christian through the streets, and even jostle against him with contempt, crying, Ghiaour ! Ghiaour ! or Infidel ! Infidel !—Men of dignity and rank, indeed, will treat Christians with courtesy ; but as soon as they are gone out of hearing, will call

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them dog! This is monstrous! But let us recollect how a Turk would be treated in Spain or Portugal, and we shall see that inhuman bigotry may be found in a greater degree among Christians than even Mahomedans. In Spain or Portugal they would treat them thus:—the common people would call them hogs; they would jostle them also in contempt; and what is more, they would stab them (it has often happened) *por amor de Dios*; and as to the people of rank, they would very conscientiously consign them to the Inquisition, where the pious fathers of the church would very piously consign them to the flames, and coolly go to the altar, and pray to God to damn them hereafter to all eternity. So far the balance, I think, is in favour of the Turks. Need I go farther?—I will.—

The Mahomedans are divided into two sects, as the Christians are into many. Those are the sect of Ali, and the sect of Omar. Now, I have never heard among them of one sect burning the other deliberately: but the Roman Catholics, even now, burn Protestants by juridical sentence—burn their fellow Christians to death for differing from them in a mere speculative point of doctrine. Which then are the better men? I am sure it is unnecessary to say: though bad are the best.

The Turks are allowed, by those who know them best, to have some excellent qualities; and I think, that in the prodigality of our censure, which, though little acquainted with them, we are forward to bestow, it would be but fair to give them credit for many of those good qualities, which even among ourselves it requires the greatest intimacy and the warmest mutual confidence and esteem to disclose or discover in each other. That they have many vices is certain. What people are they that have not? Gaming they detest; wine they use not, or at least use only a lit-

tle, and that by stealth; and as to the plurality of women, it can in them be scarcely deemed a vice, since their religion allows it. One vice, and one only, of a dark dye is laid to their charge; and that has been trumpeted forth with the grievous and horrid addition, that though contradictory to nature, it was allowed by their religion. This I have reason to believe is one of the many fabrications and artifices of Christian zealots, to render Mahomedanism more odious: for I have been informed from the most competent and respectable authority, and am therefore persuaded, that the detestable crime to which I allude, is forbidden both by the Koran and their municipal laws; that it is openly condemned by all, as with us; and that, though candour must allow there are many who practice it (by the bye there are too many in England who are supposed to do the same), there are none hardy or shameless enough not to endeavour to conceal it; and, in short, that it is apparently as much reprobated there as any where; which, at all events, rescues the laws and religion of the country from that stigma.

Perhaps there is no part of the world where the flame of parental affection burns with more ardent and unextinguishable strength, or is more faithfully returned by reciprocal tenderness and filial obedience, than Turkey. Educated in the most unaffected deference and pious submission to their parents' will; trained both by precept and example to the greatest veneration for the aged, and separated almost from their infancy from the women, they acquire a modesty to their superiors, and a bashfulness and respectful deportment to the weaker sex, which never cease to influence them through life. A Turk meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if looking at her were criminal; and there is nothing they detest so much, or will more sedulously shun,

than an impudent, audacious woman. To get the better of a Turk therefore, there is nothing further necessary, than to let slip a virago at him, and he instantly retreats.

Since the arrival of the Turkish ambassador in London, I have had frequent occasion to observe, that the people of his train have been already, by the good example of our British belles and beaux, pretty much eased of their national modesty, and can look at the women with as broad and intrepid a stare, as the greatest puppy in the metropolis.

Their habitual tenderness and deference for the fair sex, while it speaks much for their manly gallantry, must be allowed by candour to be carried to an excess extravagant and irrational. It is the greatest disgrace to the character of a Turk to lift his hand to a woman: this is, doubtless, right, with some limitations; but they carry it so far as to allow no provocation, be it what it may, sufficient to justify using force or strokes to a woman; the utmost they can do is, to scold and walk off. The consequence of this is, that the women often run into the most violent excesses. There have been instances where they have been guilty of the most furious outrages; where they have violated the laws in a collected body, and broke open public stores of corn laid up by the government: the magistrates attended, the Janissaries were called, and came running to quell the riot—but, behold they were women who committed it: they knew no way of resisting them, unless by force; and force they could not use: so the ladies were permitted quietly to do their work in defiance of magistrates, law, right, and reason.

Among the variety of errors and moral absurdities falsely ascribed to the Mahomedan religion, the exclusion of women from Paradise holds a very conspicuous place, as a charge equally false and absurd;

on the contrary, the women have their fasts, their ablutions, and the other religious rites deemed by Mahomedans necessary to salvation. Notwithstanding, it has been the practice of travellers to have recourse to invention, where the customs of the country precluded positive information; and to give their accounts rather from the suggestions of their own prejudiced imaginations, than from any fair inferences or conclusions drawn from the facts that came under their observation.

LETTER XXX.

THE subject I touched upon in my last three letters, and on which this, and probably some succeeding ones, will turn, is attended with circumstances of great delicacy, and may possibly bear the aspect of at least a dubious import, as touching the great point of religion. I will therefore, before I proceed further, explain to you (lest it should require explanation) the whole scope of my meaning.

My object throughout the whole of what I have said respecting the Turks, is to war with prejudice, not to draw comparisons:—to shew that where the Mahomedans are vicious or enslaved, it is not the fault of their religion or their laws:—to convince you, the Turks are not the only people in the world, who, under all the external forms of sanctity and religion, are capable of the most detestable crimes, and sometimes, utterly bereft of all pretensions to charity—

and that, while they have been held up as a perpetual subject of reproach and accusation, they were committing only just the same crimes that conscience might have retorted on their accusers. If allowance can be at all made for historical misrepresentation, we may perhaps be disposed to consider that of the ignorant Catholic missionaries of the early ages, as entitled to some excuse, or at least mitigation. The intemperate zeal of those times forbade the full exercise of the rational faculties ; but in this age of illumination and liberality, he that falsifies from polemical malice should meet little quarter and less belief. And it must be grievous to all men of virtue and religion to reflect, that churchmen, disciples of the Christian church, which should be the fountain of purity and truth, have been foremost in the list of falsifiers.

The difficulty of obtaining information of any kind in Turkey, is very great ; of their religion chiefly they are extremely tenacious ; and as to their women, it is allowed by the best-informed men, who have lived there for many years, in departments of life that gave them the best means of obtaining information Europeans can have, that, at best, but a very imperfect knowledge can be had of them. Yet travellers who probably never migrated farther than “ from the green bed to the brown,” have given us diffuse accounts of their religion ; and adventurers who never were beyond the purlieus of Drury, have scaled Seraglio walls, and carried off the favourites of Sultans.

The truth is, my dear FREDERICK, the Turks, like all other people, have their share of vices, but are by no means countenanced in them by their religion ; and from what I have been able to collect, as well from my own inquiries and observations, as from reading the best historians, I am persuaded that they have not, in the whole scope of Mahomedanism, one doctrine so subversive of virtue, or so encourag-

ing to the indulgence of vice, as many that are to be found in that curious code, Popery.

The malice of our intemperate zealots against Mahomedanism has been of course extended to its founder with more than common exaggeration and additions. They have represented Mahomet to be a man of mean origin, possessing a mind unenlightened by science or literature, and an understanding and faculties naturally gross. All those suggestions are undoubtedly false;—he sprung from the most noble of all the Arabian tribes—the Coraishites : at his time, poverty, so far from being a reproach among them, was a mark of every thing that was great and dignified, if supported with magnanimity and fortitude ; and the two first caliphs lived as poor as Mahomet himself, although they had immense revenues, commanded vast armies, and were lords of great provinces. As to his understanding I can only say, that perhaps he was the very last man in the world whose intellectual powers should be called in question. His genius was unbounded, his spirit enterprising, his powers of address were unequalled, he was allowed to be the greatest orator of his time ; and yet, with all these qualifications, his understanding was slighted. It is a logical truth, that when people prove too much, they prove nothing at all : our Christian zealots, in this instance, have overshot the mark, and thereby rendered all their other information at least doubtful. Perhaps the consummation of all policy was Mahomet's pretending to be an idiot, in order to make his great and wonderful effusions appear to be the immediate inspiration of Heaven—He called himself **THE IDIOT PROPHET**.*

The whole of Mahomedanism may be reduced simply to this one article of faith—"There is but one God,

* Mohammed.

and MAHOMET is his prophet;" but upon this they have superinduced, from time to time, such a variety of absurdities as would require volumes to describe: however, in strict candour let us reflect, and ask our own hearts the question, whether sprinkling with holy water, or worshipping a bit of white wafer as God, can be exceeded, or are less absurd than the periodical ablutions of the Turks, or their going on a pilgrimage to Mecca?

With regard to the women, I have said before that the best information we can obtain is very imperfect; all I have been able to collect, you shall have. They are formed in a style of the most exquisite symmetry, particularly about the chest and bosom; they have delicate skins, regular features, black hair and eyes, and are, above all other beings, cleanly and neat in their persons, bathing twice a day regularly, besides on other occasions, and not suffering even the smallest hair to remain upon their bodies. They are kept in the most rigorous confinement, and only persons of ill fame paint. Women of character are there chaste—nor is their chastity to be attributed to restraint merely, for, from their infancy they are trained to discretion and self-subjection, and the modesty natural to the sex is cherished from its first dawns. When they grow up, they are not, like our women here, subjected to the contagion of infamous gallantry; neither are the men trained to, nor do they pride themselves, like some among us, on the arts of seduction. In fact, that practice makes no part of the accomplishments of their fine gentlemen; nay, it is held by them to be infamous. There are no such characters to be found in Turkey as your box-lobby loungers—none of your upstart cubs like those who dandle the best part of the day through Pall-Mall, St. James's-street and Bond-street; who, without birth, wealth, education, or parts, fancy themselves

selves fine fellows, and powder their noses in ladies' head-dresses, whispering them in order to get the reputation of gallantry; who strut like Bantam cocks, and assume a fierce air to conceal their conscious want of spirit; and dressed in a suit of regimentals bought by papa, at mama's request, to exhibit sweet Master Jacky to advantage in the Park—though never to be soiled with gunpower, or perforated with a ball in the nasty field of battle!!!—My dear FREDRICK, I have often told you that you shall make choice of your own profession. If you should choose any of the learned professions, you may fail in it without dishonour; for many of the ablest men have failed before: but, mark me! avoid the military as you would ruin, unless you have the requisites; let not the glitter of a scarlet coat, or the empty name of a soldier, tempt you to be like one of those miserable animals I have described. There may be characters more wicked—I know none so utterly contemptible.

All extremes are bad; but the exceedings of virtue even where they run into error, are still preferable to vice. However ludicrous it may appear, we cannot absolutely despise or condemn the prudery of the Turkish women, though it runs into such extravagance, that, when feeding their poultry, they keep carefully veiled if there happens to be a cock among them, so fastidiously averse are they to the odious male creature seeing their pretty faces.

When the circumstances under which the Turkish women stand are considered, it must appear amazing, that chastity, from principle, is universal among them, as it is confessed to be: the nature of man urges him to desire, with greatest ardour, that which is most forbidden; and women who are much confined, may well be supposed to have their passions inflamed by the exaggerated workings of the imagination. Infidelity, however, to the marriage-bed, is much less frequent

frequent among the men there, than among the women here ; and the tide of fashion, which in this country gives such a rapid and irresistible circulation to vice and adultery, runs there in an opposite direction ; and contrary to our customs, no man is so unfashionable in Turkey as he that has interrupted the domestic peace of a family by seduction.

Among the many virtues which may with strict justice be ascribed to the Turks, hospitality holds a conspicuous place. It is not confined to common civility, it extends to personal protection. Many deem it absolutely their duty to risk their lives in defence of their guests ; nor will any motive, however cogent, be allowed to justify the violation of it. Nay, to such a system is it carried up, that an engagement with a stranger is accepted as an excuse for not obeying the summons of a great man, when no other apology, not even that of indisposition, would be admitted.

While the Turks abhor and despise all other religions but their own, their government is by no means intolerant in spiritual concerns. The exercise of all religions is free, and at Constantinople (we are told) Monks dress in their habits, and are allowed at funeral processions to elevate the cross, which is more than the English tyranny allowed the Roman Catholics of Ireland to do, till very lately : a Turk, however, convicted of apostacy, could not by any means escape death. Meantime it must be observed, that if they keep up a decent semblance of the forms of their religion, no intrusive inquiry is made into their real faith : and though it is one of the injunctions of Mahomet to endeavour to convert unbelievers, and they sometimes in obedience to that command solicit the conversion of Christians and others ; they never fail to consider any renegado, or person who becomes a convert, with contempt, if not dislike.

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I will conclude this letter with an extract from that most valuable and accurate work, Ruffel's History of Aleppo, which will give you a better, because a true, notion of Turkish morals, than you are likely to receive from general opinion. "Upon the whole," says he, "whether it be ascribed to the influence of their political constitution, or to the absence of various temptations, which in Europe often lead to the violation of better laws; there are perhaps few great cities where many of the private and domestic virtues are in general more prevalent than at Aleppo."

LETTER XXXI.

THE use of periodical stated times of devotion is universally admitted, and the necessity of adopting them makes a part of the Christian code. The Mahomedan religion, however, exceeds it far in the rigid attention to, and frequency of, devotion. There are no less than five stated times of prayer in every twenty-four hours, fixed as indispensable, at none of which a true believer fails; and the fervency of their praying exceeds even the frequency. I have heard it asserted, that if the house was to take fire while they are at their devotion, they would not break off; and so rigidly intent do they conceive it their duty to be during the time of prayer, that if in the midst of it they were interrupted by a fit of sneezing or coughing, they consider all already done as gone for nothing, and always begin them again.—And to tell
a truth

a truth of them, if the Christians curse them, they are pretty even with them in return, never failing to pray for discord, enmity, and dissension among their enemies, as well as health and prosperity to themselves; and to the efficacy of those prayers they fondly attribute all the wars and dissensions which incessantly harass Christendom. A bell tolls as a public notice of prayer; and when a true Mahomedan hears it, let him be where he will, whether at home or abroad, in the highway or in the market, be the place dirty or clean, wet or dry, he immediately falls down and worships.

As subsidiary to prayer they have their ablutions, in which they are full as scrupulously punctual as in their prayers. One is preparatory to prayer, another after cohabitation with women, a third before eating, and another again incidental. Those they never neglect to perform, unless some insuperable obstacle lies in the way. Charity, that most glorious doctrine of any religion, is enjoined by the Koran under the most heavy denunciation of heavenly vengeance, in case of neglect; and by it they are charged to regard no bounds in liberality to the poor. Many Mussulmen in their zeal to discharge this duty have given a fourth, many a third, and some one half of their property. Nay, the instances are not unfrequent of men giving away their all, and living afterwards themselves upon alms. To do strict justice it must be said, that poverty is no where so respectfully attended to, honoured, or revered, as among the Mahomedans; who have a saying among them, "that the fear of want is a mark of the judgment of God."

Abstinence is considered as a virtue among them, and very strictly enjoined as a religious duty. The great fast appointed by the Koran continues for the month of Ramedan, during which time they neither eat, drink, nor converse with their wives, from sun-rise

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till the stars appear, or the lamps are hung out at the mosques. Any man who breaks it is punished with death; but the worst of it is, that they will not allow even travellers, the sick or the wounded, to plead a right to exemption: some of the Turks, however, and all the Christians, have hit upon expedients to pass the month without much mortification; that is, sleeping in bed all day, and sitting up and carousing all night, to evade the restraint.

The last and greatest ordinance of their religion is the pilgrimage to Mecca, which when once accomplished is supposed to be a direct passport to Heaven; and there are few of them who do not at one time or other of their lives take that painful and hazardous journey. As this is a very interesting journey, however, to travel in the closet, as it includes the description of a caravan, and serves to shew to what extremities enthusiasm can influence men, I will give you a description of it as handed to me by a very accurate and ingenious person, on whose precise veracity I can rely; first making some remarks upon the preceding part of this letter.

You will observe from what I have already said, that, excepting the mere points of religious faith, the moral ordinances of Mahomedanism comprehend most of those parts of the Christian religion, on the practice of which the reputation of piety is founded; and that for strict obedience to those ordinances the Mahomedans are more remarkable than we are. Adultery is not frequent among them; wine is seldom or never used; theft is little known; so is murder. Then in the practical parts of devotion, there are in the first place prayers; secondly, abstinence or fasting; thirdly, charity. Those are all Christian doctrines, more zealously observed by them than by us. Their ablutions are at least no injury to the cause of morality or piety; but rather, being done as a religious exercise, serve
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to keep up the series of intercourse which should subsist between the creature and his Creator : besides, I cannot help thinking with our inimitable poet Thomson, that

———from the body's purity, the mind

Receives a secret sympathetic aid. SEASONS—Summer.

And as to the pilgrimage to Mecca, however irrational it may appear to us, it is at least recommended by sincerity and zeal, and is doubtless in the eye of an all-seeing Providence meritorious. HE, we are to suppose, will judge, not by the value of the act, but the purity of the motive ; and will accept it as the offering of a frail, blind mortal, bending in obedience to that which he conceives to be the will of Heaven. Besides, for the life of me I cannot see why a pilgrimage to Mecca is at all more culpable than a pilgrimage to Jerusalem ; not to mention the thousand other holy places to which well-meaning Christians go, for their soul's sake, at imminent hazard of their lives, and certain mortification and hardship, to their bodies.

Banish then, my FREDERICK ! banish from your heart all illiberal and uncharitable prejudices, if any have yet found their way to it. Revere and cling to your religion as the best and most conducive to eternal and temporal happiness ; and the more good because it enjoins us to be charitable even to the Jews as well as to the Gentiles : but never think that you advance the cause of that religion, or do service to your God, by waging war against your fellow-creatures for opinions they can no more help entertaining than you can help having yours, or by denouncing against them that eternal sentence which rests with the Almighty alone to judge of or to pronounce.

To a benevolent mind the animosities of mankind present a most afflicting picture ; and the frivolous

pretexts upon which those animosities are grounded render it only the more horrible. One would think that the substantial traffic of life, and the struggle of mankind for the superfluities of it, of themselves afforded ample materials for scuffle, without resorting to the shadows of speculation for contention. Yet experience has shewn us that opinion is a much more copious source of animosity and warfare; and that for one man who has been cursed, murdered, or destroyed by his fellow-creatures in a contest for property, there are a thousand who have fallen sacrifices to the vengeance of hostile opinion :

Ταίσ' αὖτις τὰς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πρᾶγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων
 δόγματα.

Were it possible that I could obtain from the bounty of Heaven a grant of the first wish of my heart, that wish should be to see all mankind in harmony and mutual good will, ranging without distinction under the one great name of man and brother. As those who foment the disunion between them are the most pernicious monsters of society, so he who endeavours to bring them one step nearer to a general accommodation of sentiment, who strives to inculcate the principles of mutual toleration, and encourage the growth of reciprocal affection between men as fellow beings, may be justly ranked among the best friends of mankind, and the most faithful servants of Him who gave being to all.

Among the gross misrepresentations of which I complain, and which for the sake of mankind I lament, is that general falsehood, the infidelity of the Turkish women. The respectable author whom I have before taken the freedom of quoting, I mean Dr. Russel, declares that in twenty years residence at Aleppo, he did not remember a public instance of adultery; and that in the private walks of scandal those he heard of were

were among the lowest class, and did not in number exceed a dozen. "In respect to the Franks (continues he) the undertaking is attended not only with such risk to the individual, but may in its consequences so seriously involve the whole settlement, that it is either never attempted, or is concealed with a secrecy unexampled in other matters. I have reason to believe that European travellers have sometimes had a Greek courtesan imposed on them for a sultana; and after having been heartily frightened, have been induced to pay smartly, in order to preserve a secret which the day after was known to half the sisterhood in town." He remarks, however, that at Constantinople the state of gallantry is different.

On the subject of the Turkish moral character, I have endeavoured to be as concise as justice would allow me to be; and yet I find that I have gone to some length. I cannot however dismish it without giving you a trait to which the most obstinate polemical prejudice, and the most inveterate hatred, must in spite of them pay the tribute of applause. Their treatment to their slaves is beyond all example among us humane, tender, and generous, and such as may well bring a blush into the faces of Christian dealers in human flesh. When young slaves, male or female, are bought by a Turk, they seem to be introduced into the family rather in the condition of an adopted child; they receive the same education, perform nearly the same offices, and are bound to no greater marks of respect than their master's own children—and in fact feel none of the galling circumstances of a state of servility; the very worst treatment they ever receive is to be put on a footing with the menial domestics, or ordered to the same duty as a valet or a page. It often happens, on the other hand, that they are married into the family, and very frequently are promoted to high offices in the state. If they adopt

the religion of their masters, it is always spontaneously ; and even to slaves taken in war, no compulsion is used to make them change their faith.

The following is the best description I am able to give you of an Eastern caravan. It exactly coincides with my own observations, and with the various accounts I have had from others. I owe it, as well as the account of the proceedings of the pilgrims at Mecca, to the kind offices of a friend, who took the pains to procure them for me.

DESCRIPTION OF A CARAVAN.

Inclosed in the preceding Letter.

A CARAVAN, which is so often mentioned in the history and description of the East, and in all the tales and stories of those countries, is an assemblage of travellers, partly pilgrims, partly merchants, who collect together in order to consolidate a sufficient force to protect them, in travelling through the hideous wilds and burning deserts over which they are constrained to pass for commercial and other purposes ; those wilds being infested with Arabs, who make a profession of pillage, and rob in most formidable bodies, some almost as large as small armies. As the collection of such a number requires time, and the embodying of them is a serious concern, it is concerted with great care and preparation, and is never attempted without the permission of the prince in whose dominions it is to be formed, and of those also through whose dominions it is to pass, expressed in writing. The exact number of men and carriages, mules, horses, and other beasts of burthen, are specified in the license ; and the merchants to whom the caravan belongs,

belongs, regulate and direct every thing appertaining to its government and police during the journey, and appoint the various officers necessary for conducting it.

Each caravan has four principal officers : the first, the caravanbachi, or head of the caravan ; the second, the captain of the march ; the third, the captain of the stop or rest ; and the fourth, the captain of the distribution. The first has the uncontrollable authority and command over all the others, and gives them his orders : the second is absolute during the march ; but his authority immediately ceases on the stopping or encamping of the caravan, when the third assumes his share of the authority, and exerts it during the time of its remaining at rest : and the fourth orders the disposition of every part of the caravan, in case of an attack or battle. This last officer has also during the march the inspection and direction of the distribution of provisions, which is conducted under his management by several inferior officers, who are obliged to give security to the master of the caravan ; each of them having the care of a certain number of men, elephants, dromedaries, camels, &c. &c. which they undertake to conduct and furnish with provisions at their own risque, according to an agreement stipulated between them.

A fifth officer of the caravan is the pay-master or treasurer, who has under him a great many clerks and interpreters, appointed to keep accurate journals of all the material incidents that occur upon the journey. And it is by these journals, signed by the superior officers, that the owners of the caravan judge whether they have been well or ill served or conducted.

Another kind of officers are the mathematicians, without whom no caravan will presume to set out. There are commonly three of them attached to a caravan of large size ; and they perform the offices both of quarter-masters and aides-de-camp, leading the troops

troops when the caravan is attacked, and assigning the quarters where the caravan is appointed to encamp.

There are no less than five distinct sorts of caravans : first, the heavy caravans, which are composed of elephants, dromedaries, camels, and horses ; secondly, the light caravans, which have but few elephants ; thirdly, the common caravans, where there are none of those animals ; fourthly, the horse caravans, where there are neither dromedaries nor camels ; and lastly, sea caravans, consisting of vessels ; from whence you will observe that the word caravan is not confined to the land, but extends to the water also.

The proportion observed in the heavy caravan is as follows : When there are five hundred elephants, they add a thousand dromedaries and two thousand horses at the least ; and then the escort is composed of four thousand men on horseback. Two men are required for leading one elephant, five for three dromedaries, and seven for eleven camels. This multitude of servants, together with the officers and passengers, whose number is uncertain, serve to support the escort in case of a fight, and render the caravan more formidable and secure. The passengers are not absolutely obliged to fight ; but according to the laws and usages of the caravans, if they refuse to do so, they are not entitled to any provisions whatever from the caravan, even though they should agree to pay an extravagant price for them.

Every elephant is mounted by what they call a nick ; that is to say, a young lad of nine or ten years old, brought up to the business, who drives the elephant, and pricks it with a pointed iron to animate it in the fight : the same lad also loads the fire-arms of the two soldiers who mount the elephant, with him.

The day of the caravan setting out being once fixed, is never altered or postponed ; so that no disappointment can possibly ensue to any one.

One would suppose that so enormous and powerful a body, so well armed, might be certain of moving forward without fear of being robbed; but as most of the Arabian princes have no other means to subsist but by their robberies, they keep spies in all parts, who give them notice when the caravans set out, which they way-lay; and sometimes attack with superior force, overpower them, plunder them of all their treasure, and make slaves of the whole convoy—foreigners excepted, to whom they generally shew more mercy. If they are repulsed, they generally come to some agreement; the conditions of which are pretty well observed, especially if the assailants are native Arabians. The carrying on of robberies with such armies may appear astonishing; but when the temptation is considered, and when it is known that one caravan only is sometimes enough to enrich those princes, much of our surprise vanishes.

They are obliged to use great precautions to prevent the caravan from introducing that dreadful distemper, the plague, into the places through which they pass, or from being themselves infected with it. When therefore they arrive near a town, the inhabitants of the town and the people of the caravan hold a solemn conference concerning the state of their health, and very sincerely communicate to each other the state of the case, candidly informing each other whether there be danger on either side.—When there is reason to suspect any contagious distemper, they amicably agree that no communication whatever shall take place between them; and if the caravan stands in need of provisions, they are conveyed to them with the utmost caution over the walls of the town.

The fatigues, hardships, and hazards, attending those caravans, are so great, that they certainly would never be undertaken, if the amazing profits did not in some measure counterbalance them.—The merchant
who

who travels in them must be content with such provisions as he can get, must part with all his delicacies, and give up all hope of ease ; he must submit to the frightful confusion of languages and nations ; the fatigues of long marches over sands, and under a climate almost sufficiently hot to reduce him to a cinder : he must submit cheerfully to exorbitant duties fraudulently levied, and audacious robberies and subtle tricks practised by the herd of vagabonds who follow the caravans—for preventing which, the merchants have a variety of well contrived locks, that can only be opened by those who know the knack of them.

But in some tracks of caravans there are dangers, and horrible ones against which no human foresight or power can provide, and beneath which whole caravans sink, and are never after heard of.

The Egyptian caravans are particularly subject to hazards in the horrid tracks they are necessarily obliged to take through sandy deserts, where, for boundless extents, nature has denied one single circumstance of favour ; where a blade of grass never grew, nor a drop of water ever ran ; where the scorching fire of the sun has banished the kindly influence of the other elements ; where, for several days journey, no object meets the eye to guide the parched traveller in his way ; and where the casual track of one caravan is closed by the moving sands, before another can come to take advantage of it. In those vast plains of burning sands, if the guide should happen to lose his way, the provision of water, so necessary to carry them to the place where they are to find more, must infallibly fail them : in such a case the mules and horses die with fatigue and thirst ; and even the camels, notwithstanding their extraordinary power to subsist without water, soon perish in the same manner, together with the people of the caravan, wandering in those frightful deserts.

But more dreadful still, and still more inevitable, is the danger when a south wind happens to rise in those sandy deserts. The least mischief it occasions is, to dry up the leathern bags which contain the provision of water for the journey. This wind, to which the Arabs give the epithet of poisoned, often stifles in a moment those who have the misfortune to meet it; to prevent which, they are obliged to throw themselves immediately on the ground, putting their faces close to the burning sands which surround them on all sides, and covering their mouths with some linen cloth, lest by breathing they should swallow instantaneous death, which this wind carries with it wherever it extends.—Besides which, whole caravans are often buried under moving hills of burning sand, raised by the agitation of the winds.

All those horrors and dangers are so exquisitely described by our charming bard THOMSON, that I cannot refrain transcribing the passage, as bringing them more immediately home to the understanding and the heart, than volumes of common description could do.

——— Breathed hot

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the Desert! even the camel feels,
 Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red either bursting broad
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient Merchant wondering waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.——

Yet, notwithstanding all those horrible circumstances of terror and danger—trade, and the desire of gain, on the one hand, induce multitudes of people to run the hazard.

*Impiger extremos currit Mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.*

HORACE.

And on the other hand, enthusiasm and religious zeal send thousands to tempt their fate, and take a passage to Heaven through those horrid regions. Thus we see in what various ways delusion operates.—The merchant might find a livelihood, and the bigot his way to divine favour, just as well by staying within the confines of their own native home.

ACCOUNT OF THE CEREMONIES OBSERVED BY PILGRIMS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT MECCA.

THE caravans are generally so ordered, as to arrive at Mecca about forty days after the Fast of Ramedan, and immediately previous to the Corban, or Great Sacrifice. Five or six days before that festival, the three great caravans, viz. that from Europe, that from Asia Minor, and that from Arabia, unite; and all, consisting of about two hundred thousand men, and three hundred thousand beasts of burthen, encamp at some miles from Mecca. The pilgrims form themselves into small detachments, and enter the town to arrange the ceremonies preparatory to the Great Sacrifice. They are led through a street of continual ascent, till they arrive at a gate on an eminence, called the Gate of Health. From thence they see the great mosque which incloses the House of Abraham. They salute it with the most profound respect and devotion, repeating twice, "Salam Alek Irusoul Allah!" that is

to say, "Peace be with the Ambaffador of God!" Thence, at some distance, they mount five steps to a large platform faced with stone, where they offer up their prayers; they then descend on the other side of it, and advance towards two arches, of the same kind of dimensions, but at some distance from each other, through which they pass with great silence and devotion. This ceremony must be preformed seven times.

From hence proceeding to the great mosque which incloses the House of Abraham, they enter the mosque, and walk seven times round the little building contained within it, saying, "This is the House of God, and of his servant Abraham." Then kissing with great veneration a black stone, said to have descended white from Heaven, they go to the famous well called Zun Zun, which the angel shewed to Hagar when she was distressed in the desert, and could find no water for her son Ishmael, and which the Arabs call Zem Zem. Into this well they plunge with all their clothes, repeating "Toba Alla, Toba Alla!" that is to say, "Forgiveness, God! Forgiveness, God!" They drink a draught of that foetid, turbid water, and depart.

The duty of bathing and drinking they are obliged to pass through once; but those who would gain Paradise before the others, must repeat it once a day during the stay of the caravan at Mecca.

At fifteen miles from the town of Mecca there is a hill called "Ghiabal Arafata," or "the Mount of Forgiveness." It is about two miles in circumference—a most delicious spot. On it ADAM and EVE met, after the LORD had, for their transgressions, separated them forty years. Here they cohabited and lived in excess of happiness, having built a house on it, called "Beith Adam," that is to say, "the House of Adam." On the eve of the day of Sacrifice, the

three caravans, ranged in a triangular form, surround this mountain—during the whole night the people rejoice, clamour, and riot—firing off cannon, muskets, pistols, and fire-works, with an incessant sound of drums and trumpets. As soon as day breaks, a profound silence succeeds—they slay their sheep and offer up their sacrifice on the mountain with every demonstration of the most profound devotion.

On a sudden a scheik (or head of the temple), a kind of prelate, rushes from amidst them, mounted on a camel—he ascends five steps, rendered practicable for the purpose, and in a studied sermon preaches thus to the people :

“ Return praise and thanks for the infinite and immense benefits granted by God to Mahomedans, through the mediation of his most beloved friend and prophet, Mahomet : for that he has delivered them from the slavery and bondage of sin and idolatry, in which they were plunged ; has given them the House of Abraham, from whence they can be heard, and their petitions granted ; also the mountain of forgiveness, by which they can implore Him, and obtain a pardon and remission of all their sins.

“ For that the blessed, pious, and merciful God, giver of all good gifts, commanded his secretary, Abraham, to build himself a house at Mecca, whence his descendants might pray to the Almighty, and their desires be fulfilled.

“ On this command all the mountains in the world ran, as it were, each ambitious to assist the Secretary of the LORD, and to furnish a stone towards erecting the holy house ; all, except this poor little mountain, which, through mere indigence, could not contribute a stone. It continued therefore thirty years grievously afflicted : at length the Eternal God observed its anguish, and, moved with pity at its long suffering, broke forth, saying, I can forbear no longer, my child !

your

your bitter lamentations have reached my ears ; and I now declare, that all those who go to visit the house of my friend Abraham shall not be absolved of their sins, if they do not first reverence you, and celebrate on you the holy Sacrifice, which I have enjoined my people through the mouth of my prophet Mahomet ! Love God ! Pray ! Give Alms !”

After this sermon the people salute the Mountain, and depart.

LETTER XXXII.

IN my my last letters I endeavoured to give you an account of the Turkish government, laws, and constitution in general, so far as I was able to collect information on the subject. I will now proceed to a description of those particular parts of that vast empire through which I had occasion to travel.

During my stay at Aleppo; I experienced much politeness and hospitality from the European gentry resident there, and particularly from Mr. ———, at whose house I entirely resided ; and as the Franks live on a very good footing with each other, the time passed so agreeably, that were it not for “that within,” I should have been happy enough—We rode out occasionally, sometimes hunting, sometimes merely for the ride sake. Sometimes with an intelligent native whom I got to walk with me, or with some of the Franks, I walked about the town, in order to amuse away the time and see what was going forward, notwithstanding the cry of “Frangi Cucu !” or “Cuckold

“Cuckold Frank!” which frequently followed us for the length of a street. Sometimes we went of evenings to some of the outlets, where preparation was made for our reception by servants, previously dispatched for the purpose, and there regaled with coffee, wine, fruits, &c.

The first day we went on a party of the last mentioned kind, Mrs. ——— did us the honour to accompany us: the place appointed was in a range of beautiful rural gardens that lie along the side of a river; where the well cultivated earth teeming with a vast abundance of the best esculent plants, flowers, flowering shrubs and fruit-trees, afforded a most delicious regale to the senses; and the plane, the willow, the ash, the pomegranate, and a variety of other trees, clustered together in almost impervious thickets, yielded a delightful shady retreat from the piercing rays of the sun. It was on this occasion that I got the first specimen of Turkish illiberality, which, as I was entirely unprepared for it, confounded me, and nearly deprived me of temper and of prudence. As we walked along, I observed several Turks addressing themselves to Mrs. ——— and me, who walked arm in arm, and speaking with a loudness of voice, contortion of countenance, and violence of gesticulation, attended with a clapping of hands, which, though I did not understand their language, I could plainly perceive carried the appearance of menace or insult. I was at a loss what to think of it: Mrs. ——— blushed, and seemed much hurt: Mr. ——— and the other gentlemen were silent, and betrayed not the least mark of emotion or resentment. At length, when we got from them, I asked what it meant? and was told, that it was all aimed at Mrs. ———, or at least occasioned by her: that, bigoted to the customs of their own country, and utterly ignorant of those of any other, they were affected with great indignation

tion at her dress, occasional derangement of her veil, and, above all, at the shameless and unpardonably wicked circumstance of a woman walking so openly and familiarly in the company of men. Talking of this affair afterwards with Mr. ———, the lady's husband, he assured me, that there was not an opprobrious and infamous epithet which the vulgar ingenuity of the brightest quean in Billingsgate could think of, that they had not huddled upon us. I was beyond measure astonished at the coolness with which he bore it, and said, that if I had understood what they had said, I should most certainly have been unable to restrain myself, and would have knocked one of them down as an example to the rest. Had you done so, returned he, you would certainly have repented it: for, if you escaped being stoned, or put to death upon the spot, the legal punishment for an infidel striking a true believer, you could not escape; and probably we, and all the Franks in the city, would suffer for it: it would at all events cause a dreadful convulsion in the place, and you would yourself fall a sacrifice to it.

Not long since I was conversing on this subject with a gentleman of my acquaintance, and mentioned it with some asperity, as arising from a spirit of bigotry peculiar to Mahomedans.—“My good Sir,” said he, “let me undeceive you! the very same would be done in most parts of Spain. I was one day,” continued he, “walking in a town in Spain, in company with the wife of a gentleman who resided there, who were both well known, and bore the most unexceptionable character. Seeing me however walking with her, the populace, as we passed, held up two fingers significantly, and cried to her, What a cuckold is your husband! and concluded with ‘Todas las Inglesas son putas,’ or, ‘All English women are ———s.’” He added, “that he was even in Cadiz, where commer-

cial intercourse renders them rather more liberal than in other parts of the country, frequently accosted by little children themselves, with ‘*Crees in Dios?*’ Do you believe in God? and sometimes forming a cross with the thumb of the right hand and the forefinger, ‘*Crees en este? Crees en este? No! No! Ah Judio! Moro! Barbaro! Bruto! Protestante! Puerco! Voia al los Infernos!!*’ In English—Do you believe in this? Do you believe in this? No! No! Ah Jew! Moor! Barbarian! Protestant! Hog! Go to Hell!!”

So much for human beneficence and charity, under the fostering auspices of religion!

The house of Mr. ———, where I was so hospitably lodged, was a magnificent edifice, built in all the fulness of Eastern grandeur and luxury, and furnished with all the splendour and state of Turkey, united with the taste and opulence of Great Britain. It was indeed a house in which voluptuousness itself might sit down with satisfaction—The most unaffected hospitality and generous benevolence invited and spread the board, and politeness and affability presided over all. Never shall I forget it—never shall I think of it without gratitude and esteem.

A gentleman of the opulence and consequence of Mr. ———, with a house such as I have described, and a disposition to social enjoyment, was not, you will conclude, without a resort of company and friends; in truth, he had friends even among the better sort of Turks. Parties of pleasure had no intermission while I was there; and as the ladies of Europe or of European extraction in that country are highly accomplished, speak many languages, are indefatigable in their efforts to please, and receive strangers from Europe with a joy and satisfaction not to be described, Aleppo would have been to me an Elysium, if the pleasures of the place did not from the beginning suffer diminution from my own painful sensations,

sations, which were aggravated at last by an incident that arose from my intercourse there—of which more hereafter.

While I remained at Aleppo, I walked, as I before told you, frequently about the streets ; and I think I never was witness to so many broils in all my life put together, as I was in my wanderings there—Not a time I went out that I did not observe one, two, three, and sometimes half a dozen or more. They have nothing terrible in them however, and, were it not extremely disgusting to see men scold, would be very entertaining ; for I will venture to say that a street battle “ *à la Turque* ” is one of the most ludicrous exhibitions in the world. The parties approach to each other, and retreat mutually, as the action of the one gives hopes to the other of victory, lifting their hands, and flourishing them in the air, as if ready to strike every moment, grinning and gnashing their teeth, while their beard and whiskers besprent with the spume of their mouths, and wagging with the quick motion of their lips and ghastly contortions of their jaws, present the most ridiculous spectacle imaginable. They reminded me at the time of a verse in an old English ballad :—

’Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

Nothing, in fact, can exceed the extravagance of their gesture : the vehement loudness of their voice, or the whimsical distortions of their countenances, in which are displayed sometimes the quickest vicissitudes of fear and fury, and sometimes the most laughable combination of both. All this time, however, not a single blow is actually struck ; but they compensate for the want of bodily prowess by the exercise of the tongue, denouncing vengeance against each other, threatening instant demolition, lavishing every bitter reproach,

reproach, every filthy epithet, and every horrible imprecation that they can think of, and both boasting occasionally of their patience and forbearance, which fortunately enabled them to refrain from annihilating their adversary. At last the fray gradually decays : exhausted with fatigue, and half choaked with dust and vociferation, they retreat gradually backwards to their own doors ; where summing up all their malignity into a most horrid execration, they part for the time, and retire to vaunt in empty threat, and growl away their rage, in the recesses of their haram.

Yet those people are found terrible in battle by the Christian troops that have from time to time been opposed to them : here, if proof be wanting of the effects of religion on the human mind, is an incontrovertible one of its powerful operations. Under the influence of their faith, which tells them that they go to Paradise instantly if killed in battle with Infidels, they perform prodigies of valour fighting against Christians ; while, forbidden by that faith to imbrue their hands in the blood of a true believer, their passions have been gradually brought under the dominion of their religion, till that which at first was faith, at last becomes habit, and the appropriate energy and courage of the man has sunk into the degrading and emasculant efforts of the woman.

The practice of fighting, or personal conflicts between individuals of the same society, seems to have been condemned by the universal consent of all religions. The Gentoos, as well as all the other sects of the various parts of the East through which I have travelled, give vent to their passion in nearly the same manner as the Turks. The Christians too are most strictly forbidden to strike one another by the great Author of their faith : but it is their good fortune, that they not only have the best religion in the world for their guidance, but that they are the only people

in the world who claim exemption from the penalties of that religion, and think themselves wronged and their personal rights infringed, if they are refused the privilege of breaking through its rules whenever those rules are at variance with their convenience.

Be it your care, my dear child, to fortify your mind with the spirit of true religion and sound morality, and let your practice in life be ever guided by their precepts.

LETTER XXXIII.

THE avidity with which human creatures search for something to recreate the mind and keep it in exercise, is of itself a convincing proof of the natural activity of our intellectual faculties, and shews that, like the different parts of the body, they were given by Providence to be called into effort and improved by practice. As they who by the favours of opulence are exempted from the necessity of actual bodily labour, are obliged to have recourse to artificial labour called exercise; so they who have the misfortune to be precluded from the employment of the mind by business, are obliged to seek mental exercise in a variety of expedients, some of which are criminal, some foolish, and some good for nothing or indifferent. Cards, dice, and games of chance are (according to the extent to which they are carried) of the two former—tale and novel-reading of the two latter. Those however serve to occupy the vacant hours

hours of all the idle and unemployed. And when letters deny their friendly aid, we find among ourselves the deficiency supplied from the less ample resources of the memory; and story-telling, love tales, fairy tales, and goblin and ghost adventures, are recited round the villager's fire or the kitchen hearth in as great numbers, with as much ingenuity, and to as great effect, as they are to be found written in the innumerable volumes on the shelves of our circulating libraries.

In Turkey, where the art of printing has not yet been known, where the circulation of literary productions is chained down within the narrow compass of manuscript, and where therefore the efforts of genius are repressed by discouragement, the business of story-telling makes in itself a profession, which, as it is acquired by study and prosecuted with art, is followed with considerable profit.

One day a friend (a French gentleman) who escorted me through the town, called to draw me out with him for a walk; he said he wished to shew me some of the *caravanseras*, observing that he thought I should be entertained with a view of them. I agreed to go; and he brought me to two, which, after he had shewn to me and explained their principle, police, and etiquette, I could not help admiring and approving. To both these were attached eating-houses and coffee-houses, and every appendage that could render them convenient and comfortable. As we were about leaving the last, I observed my friend stop and listen attentively. "Come hither," said he, after a minute's pause—"come into this coffee-house, here is something going forward that may amuse you."

We accordingly entered the coffee-house, where we saw a number of people, some seated in the Turkish fashion, some on low stools, and some standing; and in the middle a man walking to and fro, speaking in

an audible voice, sometimes slowly, sometimes with rapidity, varying his tones occasionally with all the inflections of a corresponding sense. I could not understand him, but he seemed to me to speak with "good emphasis and good discretion:" his action was easy to him, though expressive and emphatical; and his countenance exhibited strong marks of eloquent expression. I could not help staring with astonishment at a scene so new to me, and felt great approbation of the tones and manner of this extraordinary orator, though I could not understand a single word he said. He was listened to by all with great attention, and the Turks (albeit not used to the laughing mood) frequently betrayed strong symptoms of risibility: but in the height and torrent of his speech he broke suddenly off, scampered out of the door and disappeared. I set it down that he was a maniac or lunatic of an ingenious kind, and was for going away. "Stay," says my friend, "rest where you are for a few minutes, let us hear further."

The orator had scarcely been gone three minutes when the room was filled with the buzz of conversation, a word of which I could not understand, but which my guide listened to very attentively. At length the buzz began to grow loud, and soon increased into clamour; when a scene ensued of so very ludicrous a kind as forced me to cram my handkerchief into my mouth to suppress a laugh, or at least so to stifle it as to avoid observation. In short, they were disputing violently, and the beards were, as I once before mentioned to you, ALL WAGGING. I became more convulsed with mirth; and my friend seeing that I was likely to give offence, took me under the arm and hurried me out of the coffee-house: we retired into a porch in the caravanserai, where I gave vent to my suppressed laughter till my sides were sore and my eyes ran tears.

"In

"In the name of God, my friend!" said I, "tell me what is the meaning of all that extravagant scene to which we have just now been witness: who is that madman that spoke so much? and why did they all quarrel after he went away?"

"Come, come," said he, "let us retire to my house, and I will there explain the whole of it to you, from beginning to ending."

I accordingly accompanied him home, where we found a very gay circle assembled, to whom he described my astonishment; recounting my immoderate laughter, till they all laughed very nearly as immoderately as myself. "You must know," said he, addressing himself to me, "that he whom you took to be a madman, is one of the most celebrated composers and tellers of stories in Asia, and only wants the aid of printing, to be perhaps as eminent in reputation for making *CONTES*, as Marmontel or Madame D'Anois. As we passed along I heard his voice, and, knowing it, resolved to let you see him, and brought you in for the purpose. He was entertaining the company with a very curious, interesting, and comical story; the subject of which was avarice; the hero a miser of the name of Cassim. His misery and avarice are represented in it as bringing him into a variety of scrapes, which waste his wealth; and his character is drawn with such strength of colouring, and marked with such grotesque lines of humour—he related it moreover with so much wit, in such admirable language, and embellished and enforced it with such appropriate action, utterance, and emphasis—that it riveted, as you saw, the attention of all his auditors, and extorted laughter even from Turkish gravity,"

"But how came he to break off so suddenly?" said I.

"That," returned my friend, "is a part of the art of his profession, without which he could not live:

just as he gets to a most interesting part of the story, when he has wound the imagination of his auditors up to the highest climax of expectation, he purposely breaks off to make them eager for the rest. He is sure to have them all next day, with additional numbers who come on their report, and he makes his terms to finish the story."

"Why then," interrupted I, "why did they who remained behind fall disputing?"

"That I will explain to you," said he. Just as he broke off, Cassem the miser (who, as far as I heard, seems as well drawn as Moliere's *AVARE*) having already suffered a thousand whimsical misfortunes and dilapidations of fortune, is brought before the *cadi* for digging in his garden, on the presumption that he was digging for treasure. As soon as the historian was gone, they first applauded him, and then began to discuss his story—which they one and all agreed in praising highly and when they came to talk of the probable issue of the sequel of it, there were almost as many opinions as there were men in company; each maintained his own, and they went to loggerheads as you saw about it—when the chance is a thousand to one, that not one of them was near the mark. One in particular surmised that Cassem would be married to the *cadi*'s daughter; which gave great offence to some, and roused another of the company to declare, that he was well assured in his conscience that Cassem would be brought to the *bastinado* or the stake, or else hanged, in the sequel."

"And is it possible," said I, "that a group of twenty or thirty rational beings can be so far bereft of all common sense, as to dispute upon the result of a contingency, which absolutely depends on the arbitrary fancy of an acknowledged fabricator of falsehoods?"